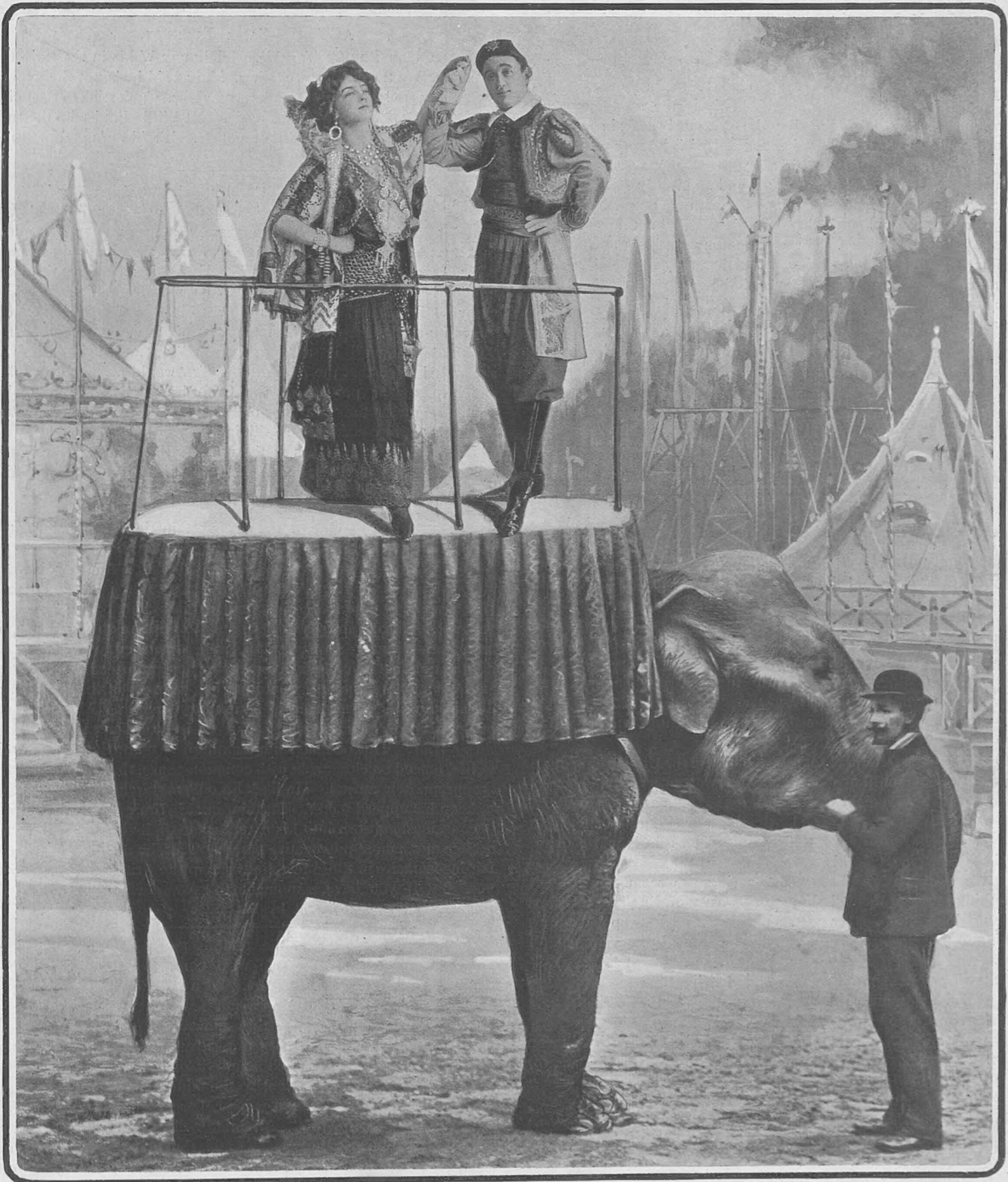


The Sketch

No. 795.—Vol. LXII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1908.

SIXPENCE.

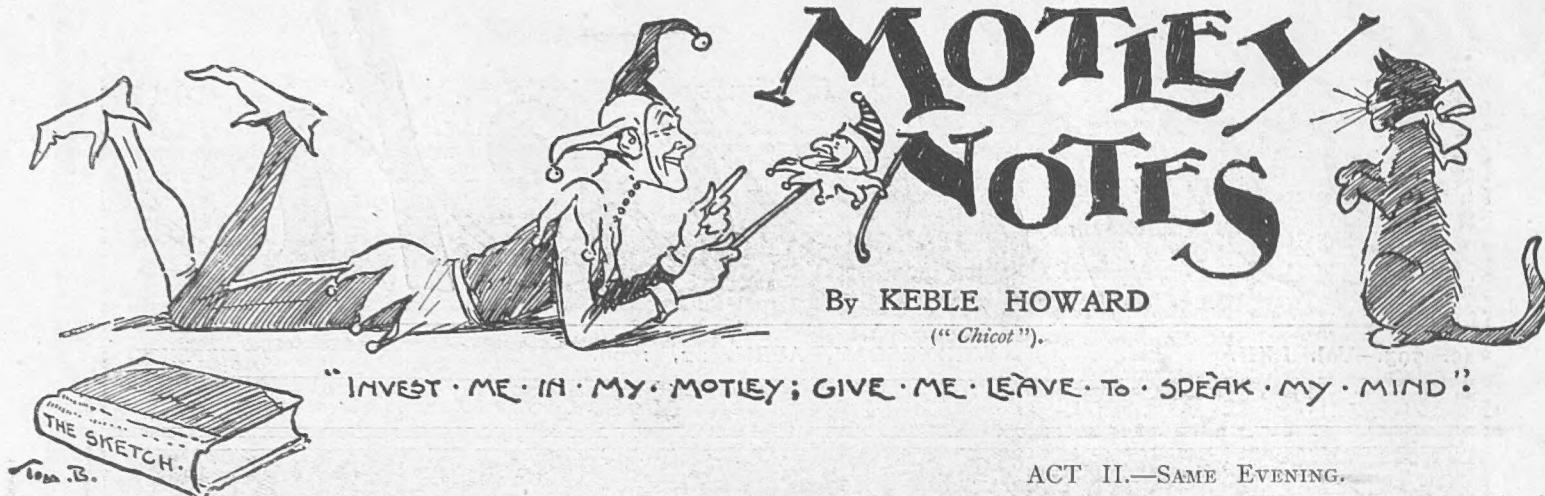


LITERALLY A MOVING SPECTACLE: THE ELEPHANT STAGE.

A VIENNESE NOVELTY AS IT MIGHT BE IF BROUGHT TO ENGLAND.

A Viennese comedian has caused something of a sensation by doing his "turn" on a stage mounted on the back of an elephant. The elephant and the stage used by him are here shown, but we have ventured to remove the actor who originated the idea, and to set in his place Miss Lily Elsie and Mr. Joseph Coyne, of "Merry Widow" fame, in order that we may show what might happen if the novelty were introduced into this country at open-air performances. At the same time we offer due apologies to Miss Elsie and Mr. Coyne, knowing full well that actors of their ability are never likely to be absent from the London stage, save when on holiday bent, and are certainly not likely to adopt so freakish a means of exhibiting their powers.

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph of the Elephant Stage by Seebald; Photograph of Miss Elsie and Mr. Coyne by Foulsham and Banfield.



The Dying Art of Listening.

"After dinner, the chairman shall invite members of the club to read original compositions in verse." This is the most important rule of the "Poets' Club," shortly to be started, I hear, in London. A hearty welcome to the "Poets' Club"! I wish it every prosperity, and many happy dinners. At first reading this may seem inconsistent in one who has written so often and so bitterly on the subject of the average after-dinner speech. Bear with me a moment. The chief value of the "Poets' Club," I think, will be to restore the almost lost art of listening. In modern conversation there are no listeners. If two people be gathered together, they will be discussing two topics—one apiece. If three people be gathered together, they will be discussing three topics. And so on. It is much the same with after-dinner speeches, save that the man on his legs is allowed to talk in a rather louder voice than the men sitting down. At the dinners of the "Poets' Club," however, there will be no such lapse of good manners. At any rate, I hope not. If a member gets up to read an original poem, the most exquisite product of his brain, he should at least be accorded, as they say, a respectful hearing. In this way the "Poets' Club" will help to revive the subtle, lovely art of listening.

A Twentieth-Century Conversation.

If you have no listeners, it follows quite naturally that the standard of conversation falls lower and lower. For example, two intimate friends meet in a railway-carriage. They hail each other as "Dear old boy" and "Dear old fellow." They settle down, side by side, for a chat. "Dear old boy" is very anxious to tell "Dear old fellow" how his business is progressing by leaps and bounds, and "Dear old fellow" cannot rest until "Dear old boy" has heard of his son's triumphs at school. The result is a couple of monologues, varied by exclamatory interruptions. Thus—

DEAR OLD BOY. You've heard that we're opening a new branch in Bristol, I suppose?

DEAR OLD FELLOW. Indeed? You're getting on. I had a letter—

DEAR OLD BOY. Rather! Our second man in the City's going down to take charge of it until we get it into good going order. You'd be surprised at the development of our business in that part of the country.

DEAR OLD FELLOW. Good! By the way, I had a letter from my son at Malvern this morning. It seems he's been doing wonderful things. Got his—

DEAR OLD BOY. Ah! As I was saying, we seem to have got everything our own way all through the West of England. Orders come tumbling in by every post. We simply can't keep pace with them, and that's why we've decided to open this new branch. I always told my partners—

DEAR OLD FELLOW. I remember your telling me so. (*Hastily.*) Yes, my lad's got his second-eleven colours, and he tells me he's the youngest in the team. And in work—

DEAR OLD BOY. Delighted, old man, delighted! But what I mean about a sudden development in any one direction is this. Take, for example, that branch we opened at Rugby. The third week—

DEAR OLD FELLOW. Undoubtedly. Oh, undoubtedly. By the way, I think I've got that letter with me. I'll read it to you. (*Fumbles.*)

DEAR OLD BOY. But Harris, you know, never could see it in the same light. You know what I mean—an awfully good chap, and as straight as a die, and all that, but just a little bit behind the times. Now in that matter of the South African house—

DEAR OLD FELLOW (*producing letter*). Ah, here we are. "My dear old dad"—

DEAR OLD BOY. Just a second, before you read that, because I may forget a very important point that I was going to make. Harris says—

By KEBLE HOWARD

(*"Chicot"*).

ACT II.—SAME EVENING.

DEAR OLD BOY (*to his wife*). Met Jimmy Willis in the train this morning. We travelled up together. I'm afraid he's not the man he was. Seems to let his mind wander, somehow. Can't stick to the point.

DEAR OLD FELLOW (*to his wife*). Met Willie Banks in the train this morning. We travelled up together. 'Fraid he's getting to be rather a bore.

An Old, Old Mystery.

I am indebted to the *Berliner Tageblatt*. It has succeeded in defining—as nobody else, so far as I am aware, has even attempted to do—that mysterious, popular something known as the "Oxford manner." "Mr. Asquith," says the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "is an able and strong-minded leader, but his mind is not to be read from his face. Like many Oxford men, he knows how to create around himself a 'warding-off' atmosphere." The secret, then, is out at last. The "Oxford manner" is a "warding-off" manner. I wish very sincerely indeed that the *Berliner Tageblatt* would proceed to explain which particular portion of the Oxford system tends to endow young men with the "warding-off" faculty. The Rugger men, of course, acquire considerable skill in "handing-off," but that is not quite the same thing. Is it the river, or the Parks, or the Union debates, or the lectures, or strolls in the High, or the marmalade? Let the matter be cleared up, once for all.

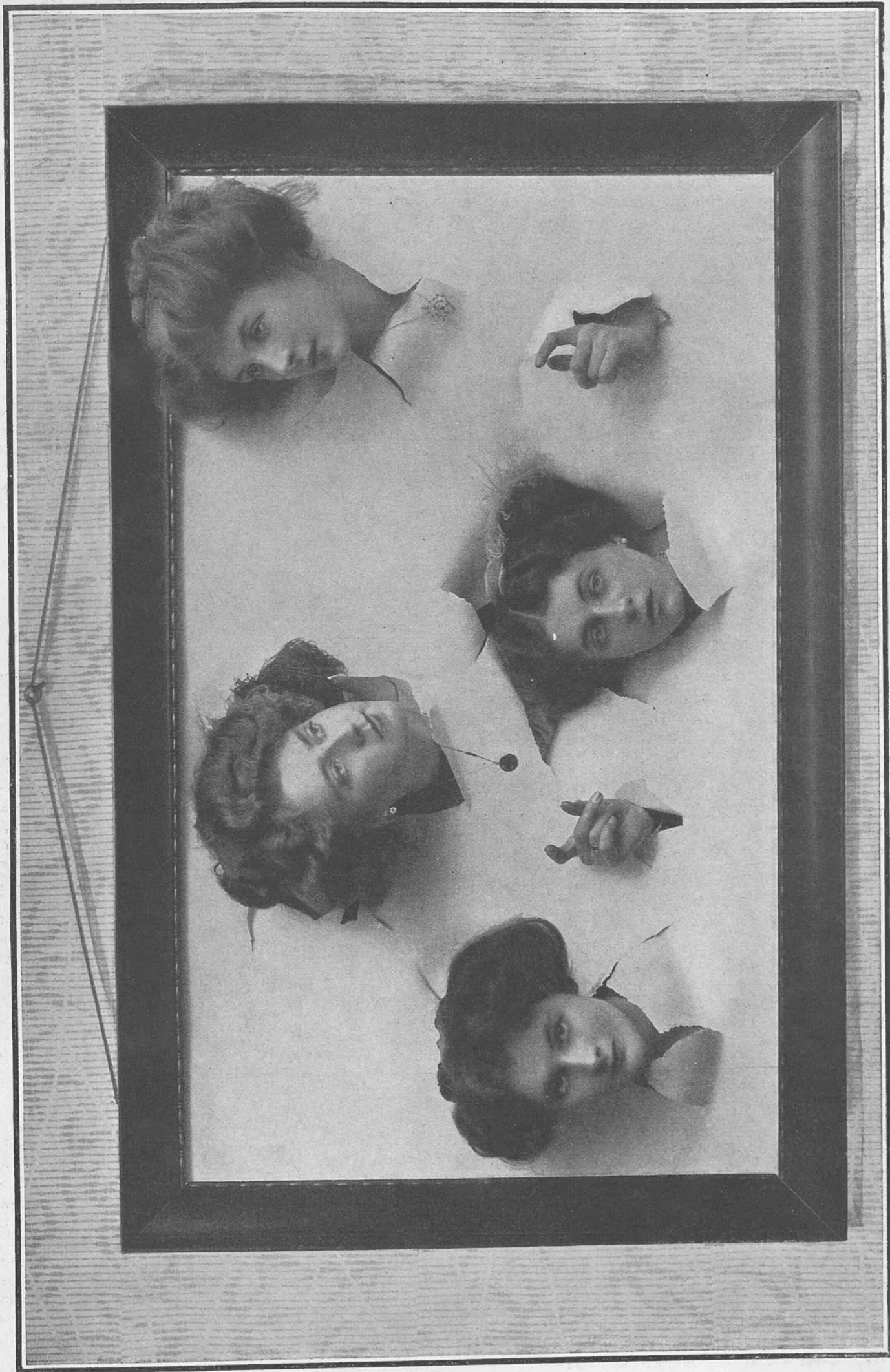
A Journalistic Genius.

One of the strongest instincts of human nature in its present state of development is to run after somebody else's hat. Another instinct, almost as strong, is to call after a fool and set him in the right road. If you want to provoke correspondence in a daily paper, as any experienced editor knows, you have only to print an obviously preposterous statement. A paragraph, well displayed, conveying the information that hens cluck before laying an egg instead of afterwards, as is commonly supposed, would put half-a-dozen of the postmen on duty in the E.C. district out of action for a month. All this by way of preface to the congratulations I desire to offer to the editor of *Men's Wear*. This one has said, cunningly: "For the middle paths of life, fenced on either side with common-sense, the stiff-necked man is appropriately attired. He likes his collars starched, just as he likes to keep his upper lip stiff. Put him in a Byronic collar, and he will unconsciously absorb into his nature some of its limpness." I have seldom met a more provocative paragraph. The number of challenging inaccuracies in those few lines stamp the writer as a journalistic genius. If you have a moment to spare, before looking at the pictures, let us take it bit by bit.

We Take it Bit by Bit.

"... the middle paths of life, fenced on either side with common sense." This begs the question. As a fact, we know well enough that the middle paths of life are not fenced at all. They are open to every puff of sentiment that blows. The lower classes are cynical, and the upper classes are silly, but the middle classes are romantic. "The stiff-necked man." Could any descriptive phrase more preposterous be applied to the middle-class man as we know him? This includes "He likes his collar starched, just as he likes to keep his upper lip stiff." All middle-class men, of course, wear moustaches (this does not mean, I add, that every man who wears a moustache is middle-class), and you cannot grow a moustache on a stiff upper lip. "Put him in a Byronic collar, and he will unconsciously absorb into his nature some of its limpness." Indeed! Has the Editor of *Men's Wear* ever observed the middle-class man in a tennis-shirt at the seaside? If so, I challenge him to show me a prouder nature, a more defiant spirit! The Byronic collar of the tennis-shirt is responsible for some peculiarly bitter utterances on the subject of employers.

"AS PRETTY AS A PICTURE."

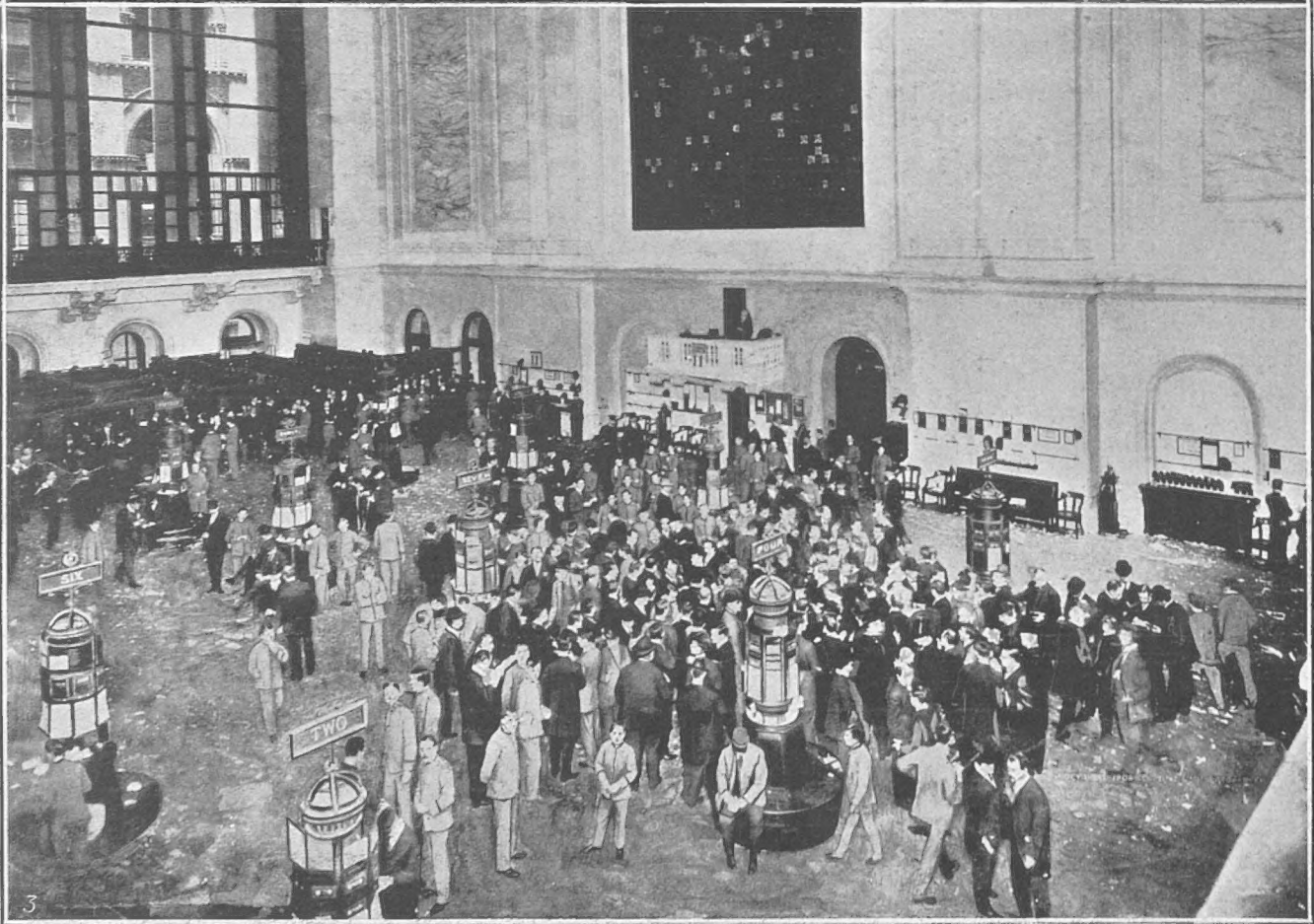
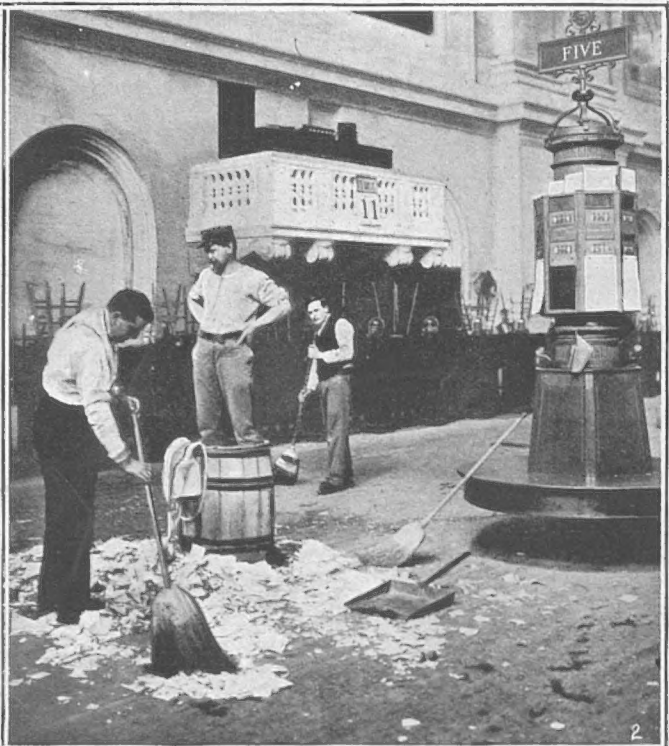


FRAMED, BUT NOT GLAZED: SOME "WALTZ DREAM" GIRLS.

From left to right, our photograph shows (top) the Misses Winifred Arkoll and Gwendolen Rayne; (bottom) the Misses Doris Rayne and Susannie Selborne.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

THE HOME OF "SEATS" THAT ARE WORTH 55,000,000 DOLLARS: SCENES IN THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.



1. ONE OF THE SIXTEEN POSTS IN THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
ROUND WHICH DEALS IN STOCKS TAKE PLACE.

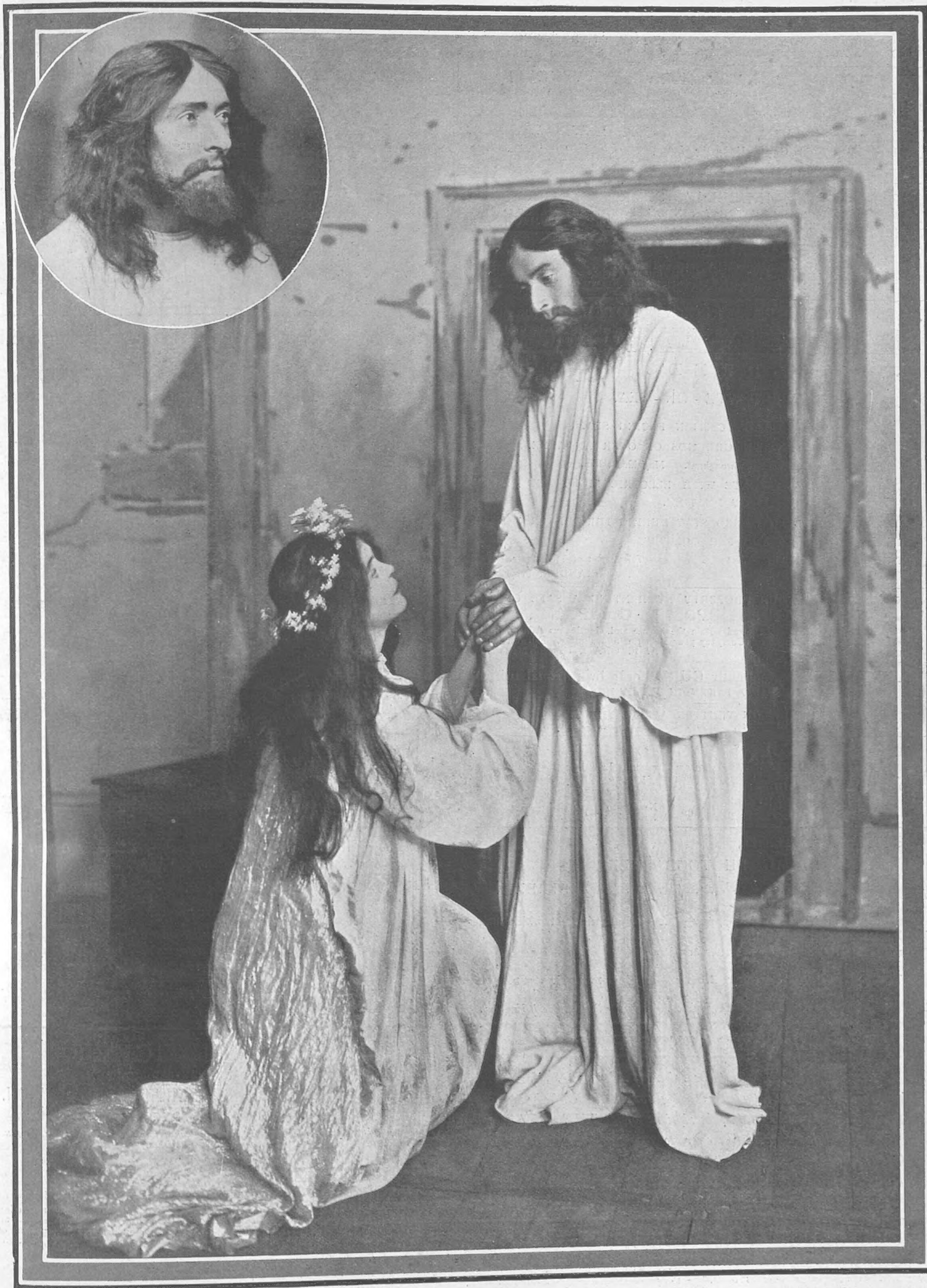
2. AFTER THE GREAT DAILY FIGHT: SWEEPING UP THE DÉBRIS
AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS.

3. WHERE BUSINESS AMOUNTING TO HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS HAS BEEN DONE IN A DAY: THE FLOOR, OR PIT,
OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

The business of the New York Stock Exchange begins at ten each morning, and ends at three in the afternoon. There are 1100 members of the Stock Exchange, each of whom holds a seat valued at about 50,000 dollars. All deals are in bonds, stocks, and other securities listed on the Exchange, and these are represented by sixteen posts on the floor, round which the buying and selling goes on. There are stations for other stocks round the walls of the room. The two great blackboards, one of which is seen in our illustration, are signal-boards, which notify members of the Stock Exchange when somebody wishes to communicate with them. On these boards the number by which each member is represented appears in electric light whenever that member is wanted.—[Photographs by Helen D. Van Eaton.]

THE PLAY-ACTORS' PRODUCTION OF HAUPTMANN'S "HANNELE."

MR. HIGNETT AS THE STRANGER.



MR. H. R. HIGNETT AS THE STRANGER, AND MISS WINIFRED MAYO AS HANNELE.

Hauptmann's dream-play, "Hannele," has been seen a number of times on the Continent, but it had not been given in England until the Play-Actors produced it at the Scala the other night.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. TREE.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL WEEK.
TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY) MATINEE, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. TO-NIGHT (WEDNESDAY), TWELFTH NIGHT. TO-MORROW (THURSDAY), THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. FRIDAY, HAMLET. SATURDAY MATINEE, HAMLET. SATURDAY EVENING, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
On SATURDAY, April 27, the run of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE will be resumed.
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EVERY EVENING, at 9, LADY FREDERICK.—MISS ETHEL IRVING, MR. C. M. LOWNE. At 8.30, "The Subjection of Kezia." Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

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Frank Curzon presents James Welch in WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.
At 8.15, THE CHANGELING. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.

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A WHITE MAN. By Edwin Milton Royle.

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THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

JOHN MURRAY.

John Delane, 1817-1879. Two vols. A. J. Dasent. 32s. net.
The Pleasant Land of France. R. E. Prothero. 10s. 6d. net.
The Truth About Port Arthur. E. K. Nojine. 15s. net.

GEORGE ALLEN.

St. George for Merrie England. Margaret H. Bulley. 5s. net.

ILIFFE.

Motor Traction. March-April, 1908. 4d.

WARD, LOCK.

The Wonder Book of Animals. 5s.

A Bicycle Ride. George F. Turner. 6s.

HORACE COX

The "Queen" Newspaper Book of Travel.

Compiled by M. Hornsby, F.R.G.S. 2s. 6d.

A. AND C. BLACK.

Home Nursing and Hygiene. Florence

Hufon Windust. 1s. net.

Letters from Queer Street. J. H. M. Abbott. 6s.

FRANCIS GRIFFITHS.

The Insurgent. Wilkinson Sherren. 6s.

The Wessex of Romance. Wilkinson

Sherren. 6s. net.

CONSTABLE.

Marotz. John Ayscough. 6s.

SMITH, ELDER.

Crossriggs. Mary and Jane Findlater. 6s.
The Grey Knight. Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. 6s.

EVELEIGH NASH.

The Girl Who Couldn't Lie. Keble

Howard. 1s. net.

The Lady in the Car. William Le Queux. 6s.

Hyde Park: Its History and Romance. Mrs. Alec Tweedie. 15s. net.

A Gentleman of London. Morice Gerard 6s.

"PUNCH" OFFICE.

Humourists of the Pencil: Phil May. 1s. net.

ORGANISER PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Potted Game. Max Rittenberg. Illustrated by George Morrow. 1s.

NATIONAL ROSE SOCIETY.

The Enemies of the Rose. George Massee, V.M.H., F.L.S., and F. Theobald, M.A. 2s. 6d.

The Rose Annual. Edited by Hon. Sec. 1s.

BLACKWOOD.

The Great Amulet. Maud Diver. 6s.

ARNOLD FAIRBAIRNS.

Planetary Journeys and Earthly

Sketches. George Raffalonika. 2s. 6d. net.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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April 22, 1908.

Signature

SMALL
TALK

WIFE OF ONE OF THE NEW PEERS:

LADY FOWLER.

Photograph by Whitlock.

hangs in the hall of the Law Society, where it will soon be joined by that of Mr. Lloyd-George, the second of the profession to reach Cabinet rank. Like Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Fowler has never troubled about taking exercise; but, unlike the great Tariff Reformer, he has an abhorrence of tobacco. Last year Lord and Lady Fowler celebrated their golden wedding. Their daughters are well-known novelists.

A Duke's Heir— Lord Titchfield is in some ways the most interesting of our future dukes. He was certainly born with a golden spoon in his mouth; but not so long ago quite a considerable number of people believed that he was about to have that golden

SIR HENRY FOWLER will probably take the title of Viscount Fowler of Wolverhampton on his elevation to the Peerage. Just three years ago he celebrated his political silver wedding with the busy Black-country town of which he has been for so long the most prominent citizen, and it is interesting now to recall that the "star" orator at that celebration was Mr. Asquith. A typical Wesleyan layman, Lord Fowler has largely made his own career in life. He is the first solicitor to be admitted to the Cabinet, and his portrait

her mother, exceptionally tall. She is musical, and speaks three foreign languages, and she is one of the many girls in Society who are practically vegetarians. Her Grace of Portland is credited with quite old-fashioned views as to the bringing-up of girls, and Lady Victoria has never left her mother.

The New Field-Marshal.

Marshal, is a clever and agreeable man, and a first-rate

Lord Grenfell, the new Field-Marshal, is a clever and agreeable man, and a first-rate amateur artist. The story goes that on one occasion, when fighting on the Afghan frontier, he sent a sketch to one of our illustrated papers, and, a few weeks later, was surprised and angered to see it returned to him embellished (?) by palm-trees, the real country depicted by him being absolutely bare of any kind of tree or greenery. In reply to his protest, the art-editor of the periodical in question informed him that the public always expected palms in Eastern scenery, and that no one would have believed the sketch was taken on the spot had it been published as received. Lady Grenfell has a close connection with the Court, for she was a favourite Maid-of-Honour of Queen Victoria, and her little son, who is now nearly three years old, has as god-mother Princess Christian.



THE NEW FIELD-MARSHAL:

LORD GRENFELL.

Photograph by Chancellor.

ONE OF THE NEW PEERS: MR. JOHN MORLEY,
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA.

Photograph by Haines.

spoon snatched from him, and in the most dramatic fashion, by the claimant to all the vast wealth and title of his father. It is also a curious fact that alone among the heirs to dukedoms, he and his younger brother, Lord Morven, narrowly escaped being burnt to death some years ago. Both the Duke and Duchess of Portland take their parental duties very seriously, and

Mr. Morley as a Peer.

Mr. Morley is a man of many distinctions, but they have hitherto been literary and academical, and his original membership of the Order of Merit was the King's tribute to his intellectual as well as to his political eminence. Somehow one never thought of him as "peerable"; and yet

whynot, if it lightens his labours to be in the Upper House? It is curious that, in choosing his title, he is debarred from using his own name, for there is already an Earl of Morley, and a Baron de Mauley, who is one of the Ponsonby family, to say nothing of the claimant to the Barony of de Morley, who turned up in peer's robes at the opening of Parliament. Nor can he take the name of his former constituencies, Newcastle and Montrose, for they both belong to well-known Dukes. Blackburn, where he was born, is inappropriate now, for the late Lord Blackburn was only a life peer; and Cheltenham, where he was educated, and Wimbledon, where he lives, are also free.

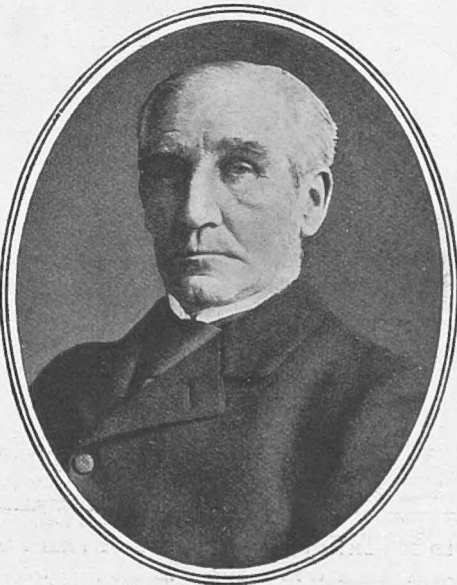
THE ELDER SON AND THE ONLY DAUGHTER
OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND: THE
MARQUESS OF TITCHFIELD AND LADY
VICTORIA CAVENDISH-BENTINCK.

Photograph by Barrett.

taught several foreign languages, and with him the development of the mind has not been subordinated to a knowledge of manly sports. He is, however, a fearless rider, a good shot, and a fair boxer.

—And His
Sister!

Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck will make her London debut after Easter, but she came out in an informal sense at the splendid ball given in November at Welbeck in honour of the King and Queen of Spain. This most important ducal debutante is, like

ONE OF THE NEW PEERS: SIR HENRY FOWLER,
CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER.

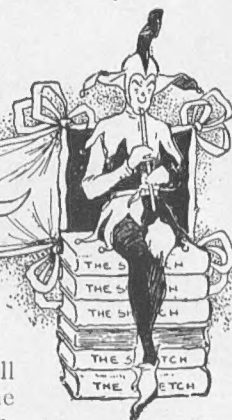
Photograph by Half-tones.

WILLIAM, SON OF WILLIAM, GRANDSON
OF THE WILLIAM: THE GERMAN
CROWN PRINCE'S SON.

Photograph by Haechel.



THE CLUBMAN



THE SAUSAGES OF THE FRENCH ARMY—NO MORE COOK ORDERLIES—BRITISH RATIONS THIRTY YEARS AGO.

THE French soldier has at last protested successfully against certain of the sausages he has been compelled to eat. The wonder is

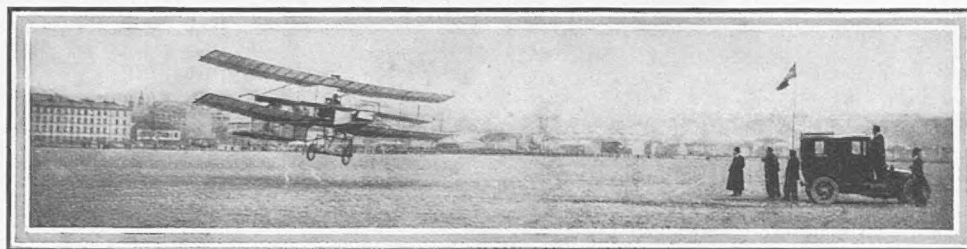
is the one which takes the form of an order that all professed cooks who join the army are to cook the soldiers' food, and are not to be employed as order-

lies by the officers. When a recruit who had been in the kitchen of a good restaurant or a big hotel joined a regiment there was always a scramble amongst the married officers as to who should secure him as an orderly. He was supposed to carry messages for the Colonel or the Captain, and to do this was struck off as many parades as possible, but in reality he was put under the orders of Mme. la Colonelle

of Mme. la Capitaine, and studied the art of war in the kitchen. Within the last twenty years the barrack cookery of the British Army has improved immensely. Thirty-odd years ago, when

I first clinked a sword over the barrack-square stones, every officer was supposed, because he had a commission, to be a judge of raw joints of beef and mutton. I had never seen raw meat, except through the window of a butcher's shop; but directly I had learned, like a parrot, all the instructions for bayonet exercise by numbers, I was considered a proper person to be the judge whether the meat supplied to the troops was good or bad. The scene at the meat and bread stores had its humorous side. The hour of inspection was 7 a.m., not an hour at which one felt inclined to go into a shed reeking with the odours of raw meat. The great sides of beef or the joints of mutton were hung up on great hooks or laid out on tables.

Of course, when reforms are undertaken in the French army, they are, as in our Army, carried out with desperate energy. Butchers and quartermasters are being prosecuted, and in future every ox intended for the food of the soldiers before it is slaughtered is to be seen either by an army doctor or by an army veterinary surgeon. One of the reforms will be very unpopular with the married officers of the French army, and that



ANOTHER ENDEAVOUR TO JUSTIFY MR. H. G. WELLS'S PROPHECIES: M. LEON DELAGRANGE, THE SCULPTOR, CREATING THE NEW AEROPLANE RECORD.

Day by day, the "War in the Air" of which Mr. Wells is writing seems to become more and more possible. Only a week or two ago, Mr. Henry Farman created a remarkable aeroplane record. Now this has been beaten by M. Delagrange, who accomplished a flight of over six miles. This distance would have stood as the length covered in a single flight had not M. Delagrange's machine just touched ground twice while turning. As it is his record stands about two miles and a half.—[Photograph by Rol and Co.]

What other young subalterns did I do not know. I always used to smell one or two joints very gingerly and poke one or two others with my "swagger cane," and then say in the form of a query to the quartermaster, "All right?" to which he would reply in the affirmative, and the butchers would set to work at once to cut up the meat and weigh it out to the different messes.



BOUGHT FOR £220 10s.; SOLD FOR £8000: THE NEW REMBRANDT PICKED UP AT MESSRS. CHRISTIE'S. It has been said that the sale-room seldom offers a bargain nowadays, yet the statement is continually being disproved. The latest case is that of the Rembrandt here illustrated. This was purchased last February by Messrs. Lewis and Simmons, who paid 210 guineas for it. The purchasers were certain that the picture was a Rembrandt. Mr. Humphry Ward believed this also, and sent it to Berlin to be cleaned. It has now been bought by the Berlin collector, Geheimrat Koppel, for the sum of £8000. In the sale catalogue it was described as: "Rembrandt. The artist's son Titus in brown dress and large black hat, seated, holding a paper. 43½ in. by 33½ in."

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

SIR JAMES T. RITCHIE'S ACTRESS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.



MISS MARY GREY (MRS. J. W. RITCHIE) AS THE PRINCESS HÉLÈNE IN "A WALTZ DREAM."

Miss Mary Grey, whose performance in "A Waltz Dream" has been so much praised, made her first appearance outside grand opera in that operetta. She is Mrs. James William Ritchie, wife of the eldest son of Sir James Thomson Ritchie, Bt., who was Lord Mayor of London four years ago, and is a sister of Mr. Charles Bryant.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")



SPRING CLEANING IN THE THEATRES.

AS a rule at Easter-time the theatres are active with new productions, but never, so far as I recollect, on such a prodigious scale as this year; for, before the holidays are over, no fewer than fourteen new entertainments will have been offered in the group of London theatres called West End, which amount to about a score in number. Putting the matter another way, only half-a-dozen of the entertainments current at the moment of writing will be in existence by the time the holidays are over. One may well call this a spring cleaning in the theatres. Why the Easter holidays should generally be selected for new productions I cannot tell: it may be fancied that, owing to the absence from town of many ordinary first-nighters, the managers will have comparatively unsophisticated audiences, more easily pleased than the orthodox attendants at the London premières, and that therefore the new plays will get a more promising start. Mr. Sydney Grundy, I understand, announced last week that he would be delighted if all the critics were away when his piece "A Fearful Joy" was produced; but he for many years has been at war with the critics, and is fond of treading on the swallow-tails of their coats.

There is no great difficulty in guessing why this year there is such a shoal of novelties, for fifteen of the new works presented during 1908 have died young and unbeloved by the gods, to say nothing of the fact that ten of last year's crop that lingered on into this are dead, and that several revivals, of which there have been a fair number, have come to an end. It would be rash to speculate about the fate of the forthcoming novelties, but looking upon them as a group, it may be noted that they exhibit little obvious signs of any intention on the part of the managers to make a change in policy because of the recent disasters, except that (and the matter is of great interest) Mr. Frederick Harrison is throwing in his lot with the new theatre, and is to be a party to the production of Mr. Shaw's latest play, provisionally entitled "Getting Married." This apart, the most important novelty is Mr. Pinero's piece, "The Thunderbolt," which is to succeed "The Thief" at the St. James's, and, it may safely be assumed, will be a work of infinitely greater artistic value than the adapted French comedy, which, however, has already enjoyed a run of five months—a success equalled by very few dramas produced last year. A noticeable feature of the novelties is the number of the musical comedies so bitterly attacked by many people who are anxious concerning the state of our stage. I notice that out of the fourteen novelties no fewer than four belong to this hybrid form of art. One of them, it may be observed, is not wholly a novelty, but is a new version of "The Dairymaids";

moreover, the long-discussed revival of "The Mikado" is to take place at its old home, where it is certain to enjoy a warm welcome.

One is almost surprised to find that there are only two American productions. The first of them is "The College Widow," quaintly advertised as "A Comedy Saire on Life in the State of Indiana," which was due for production at the Adelphi last Monday by Messrs. Courtneidge and Savage, and is illustrated on another page. The other is "Way Down East," and, like "The College Widow," is to be played by a foreign cast. It is to be hoped that these two pieces will succeed by reason of

their native colour; but up to now, at all events, despite the moanings of pessimists and the indisputable disasters in our play-houses, we have the comfortable knowledge that our dramatists are whole "blocks" ahead in quality of most of those whose works have been brought over from the States. A word ought to be said concerning "The Mollusc," which will be absent at Easter; but this is only on account of the ill-health of Miss Mary Moore, which causes an interruption in the run that began about six months ago and is to be resumed in June; so this capital light comedy may be regarded as one of the big successes.

There will, I imagine, be full houses to greet Sir John Hare when he gives his brilliant performance as the Gay Lord Quex in his old home, the Garrick Theatre, built for him by Sir W. S. Gilbert, and opened nineteen years to a day before the date of the revival of the Pinero comedy. It is rumoured—I do not know with what



CHILDREN OF MR. LEWIS WALLER: MISS NANCY LEWIS AND MASTER NORMAN LEWIS—
AS MAID MARIAN AND ROBIN HOOD.

Photographs by Ellis and Watery.

degree of accuracy—that this season, during which "A Pair of Spectacles" also is to be presented, will offer to London playgoers their last opportunity of seeing on the stage one of the finest English actors of our time; they will long regret it who fail to take advantage of the chance of witnessing two of the most admirable performances in the modern British theatre. Sir John is determined not to die in harness, and even though he is retiring from active work as actor, it may reasonably be hoped that for many years to come he will be able to assist the drama in other ways. One Easter programme that ought not to be overlooked is Mr. Beerbohm Tree's remarkable Shakespeare week. It is agreeable to know that his two unfortunate ventures earlier in the year are likely to be redeemed by the triumph of "The Merchant of Venice." "Diana of Dobson's," which is rewarding the courage and judgment of Miss Lena Ashwell, will no doubt attract and entertain many playgoers, and one must not forget that the lively farce "When Knights Were Bold," produced in January last year, "is still running," and there are no signs of any abatement in its popularity.

ACTORS WHO ARE NEVER BOOED—AND NEVER MAKE SPEECHES.

FIGURES FROM A JAVANESE SHADOW THEATRE.

SHADOW pictures are an exceedingly popular form of entertainment in Java, and are invariably received, if not with rapture, with kindness, not only by the natives themselves, but by those Europeans who visit the island. There are no seats in the theatres, and the spectators are compelled to sit cross-legged upon the ground. The screen upon which the shadow pictures are shown is arranged in such a manner that no artificial

light is needed to create shadows of a requisite depth. The figures themselves, as may be noted by the examples shown, are in many cases most elaborate, and are jointed so that their limbs may be moved. The strips by which the joints are worked are often made of transparent horn, so that they are invisible to the spectators. As the figures are made to perform, one of their owners explains the actions.



1. A HORSE.
2. A DEVIL.

2. A PROPHETESS.
5. ONE OF THE FIGURES, BACK VIEW.

3. AN ELEPHANT.
6. THE SAME FIGURE, FRONT VIEW.

Photographs by Frankl.

FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

"LE CHEVALIER D'ÉON."

By M^{rs}. Armand
Silvestre and Henri
Cain.

Music by Rodolphe
Berger.

Théâtre de la Porte
Saint Martin.

The Chevalier d'Éon was no lady, and therein lies a tale—unless history lies, which is no concern of ours. There is a dance going on at the Tambour Royal, the Bal Tabarin of the period. The Grand-Lieutenant of Police, a wicked old man with a love of the ladies, is among the dancers, and has cast his wicked old eye on Rosita, the première danseuse of the Opera. But Rosita has other fish to fry.

A gay young officer, Captain Lauranguy, is hovering round her and her little friend Annette, and he and all his brother-officers are begging for a dance. Rosita, flirtlet that she is, refuses all of them, excepting the one who shall catch her and shall steal a kiss before she reaches the ball-room. Off goes the dainty little fox, and those gay dogs the officers rush after her.

But the Chevalier d'Éon, coming the other way, catches Rosita

thinks. She tells the Chevalier that he is no lady. "You can bet your little boots on that, my dear," says he, and kisses her where lip meets lip. She rather likes it, and at the same time as the kiss gets an idea. "You shall dress up as a fair lady, and shall go to Russia," says La Dubarry.

The third act takes us to Rosita's rooms. Rosita writes a letter to Mlle. de Champreux, reader to the Empress Elizabeth. This reader is no other than the Chevalier. It gets to its destination with Marconi rapidity, for the Chevalier, booted and spurred from head to foot, as the old romancers say, dashes into the room, and you can't see Rosita at all for the next minute or three. After the soul-kiss a noise is heard below, and Vanderflock, fresh from the Court of Russia, makes his entrance, followed by the whole Opera ballet. The ladies keep Vanderflock from the young Chevalier, who, in his spurs and boots and the next act, arrives at the Tuileries and interrupts the Fête des Roses. The Chevalier has



Mme. Bernhardt.

[Photo. Manuel.]

ANOTHER PRODUCTION, ANOTHER TRIUMPH! MME. SARAH BERNHARDT IN "LA COURTISANE DE CORINTHE," THE FIVE-ACT DRAMA IN VERSE BY MM. PAUL BILHAUD AND MICHEL CARRÉ.

and embraces her. Lauranguy is very much annoyed with the Chevalier. "Aha!" says he. "Oho!" says d'Éon. "Pooh!" say they both, and a duel is the result. It is a French duel, so nobody gets hurt, and after scratching Lauranguy's wrist with his rapier-point the Chevalier puts his good right arm round Rosita's dainty waist.

Lauranguy consoles himself with Annette, and then they all have supper. But before the evening is over the little ladies of the ballet have to go and dance before the King. The Chevalier d'Éon would like to go to Versailles with Rosita, but he has no invitation. "I've an idea," says Annette; "we will dress him up and pass him off as one of us." And the young Chevalier puts on the petticoats for the first time. Which is the first act.

The next one is at Versailles, where the dancers are making their bow to the Dubarry. There is bad news from Russia. The Baron Vanderflock and the Empress Elizabeth have ordered all Frenchmen out of the Empire under pain of death, and it is necessary for an Ambassador to risk his life there. Just then Lebel, the valet and an uglier word of good—well, of King Louis, catches sight of the Chevalier, thinks him a pretty girl, smiles knowingly, and disappears. Then he returns and whispers naughty royal messages into the Chevalier's left ear. Dubarry, coming in just then, is furious. All messages of that description should be for her, she

brought a letter from the Russian Empress announcing the disgrace of Vanderflock and the success of his mission.

The Empress had found out, I fancy, that d'Éon was not a real lady. Anyway, the young man is one blaze of Russian decorations, and Rosita does not worry him too much as to the way in which he got them. Then Vanderflock and the Lieutenant of Police arrive hot-foot to arrest d'Éon. They have a rather bad time trying to do so, and Vanderflock is very much upset at hearing from the full, red lips of the Dubarry that he has been disgraced and that his enemy the Chevalier d'Éon is full of youth and honours. La Dubarry smiles naughty little smiles of promise on the good-looking young man, and wishes Vanderflock a pleasant journey to St. Petersburg. And thereupon the ballet ladies—for fear of mispronunciation, let us say the ladies of the ballet—fall upon Vanderflock and the Lieutenant of Police, pull off their wigs, tear holes in their smart clothes, and otherwise ill-treat them. The Chevalier meanwhile is flirting with La Dubarry. This annoys poor Rosita, but she can do nothing. And the Chevalier, naughty man, profits by her helplessness and murmurs many naughty nothings to La Dubarry, until King Louis comes along in his great coach of State and puts a stop to these sweet goings-on. But, as I have said, le Chevalier d'Éon was no lady.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



1. AT WORK INSIDE A BALLOON: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH.

Our photograph shows the interior of the partially inflated envelope of an air-balloon, and it need hardly be pointed out that it was an extremely difficult matter to take a negative.

2. MEN AS TIGERS, AND YET NOT RELATIONS OF TIGER TIM: INDIANS IN STRANGE GUISE AT A MUHARRAM FESTIVAL.

Muharram is the first month of the Mohammedan year, and also a religious festival held during that month. With the Shiah Moslems the ceremonies have special reference to the death of Hasan, the grandson of Mohammed, who is regarded as a martyr. During the celebrations a number of natives "make up" as tigers in the manner shown, and exhibit themselves.—[Photograph by Forbin.]



THE REV. ARTHUR ROWLAND GRANT,
Whose Marriage to the Hon. Margaret Dawnay
takes place to-morrow (Thursday).

Photograph by Lambert and Lambert.

A considerable suite, including Lord Althorp, will attend the Sovereign and his Consort, who will be accompanied by Princess Victoria, and at each Court there will be an elaborate State banquet, at which the monarchs will pledge one another.

The King's New Page.

The King's pages have many pleasant privileges, of which, perhaps, the chief is that of being in attendance on the Sovereign at many of the great State functions. The latest addition to their number is Master Anthony Edward Lowther, the twelve-year-old boy who will in all probability live to be Earl of Lonsdale. The new page is a godson of his Majesty, and shares his parents' passionate love of sport in all its branches. Mr. and Mrs. Lancelot Lowther live at Asfordby Hall, near Melton Mowbray, and they much prefer the country to the town. Master Lowther has two sisters, younger than himself, who have the pretty names of Barbara and Marjorie.

*The Duties of a
King's Page.* The Sovereign has only four pages, and his Majesty always chooses them among the sons of his oldest and most trusted friends. Many of Queen Victoria's pages became very distinguished, and each and all of those who grew to manhood had interesting careers. Perhaps the most striking of the duties of a royal page is that of carrying the King's cloak when the Sovereign is holding a review. On such an occasion the precious garment is borne safely folded in a portmanteau of blue velvet embroidered with gold, and is placed in front of the page when he is riding behind his royal master.

*To-Morrow's
Important Wedding.* The marriage of a Maid-of-Honour is always an interesting Society event. Miss

CROWNS · CORONETS · & COURTIER

It was arranged that the King and Queen should start last Monday (the 20th) on a most interesting State tour in Northern waters. Their Majesties are to make a short sojourn at each of the three Courts with which our royal family have close ties of kinship—namely, those of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway.

Margaret Dawnay and her fiancé, the Rev. Arthur Rowland Grant, have chosen the Thursday in Easter week for the celebration of their nuptials. Miss Dawnay has had from her birth a traditional connection with our Court, for her mother, Lady Victoria Dawnay, was a god-daughter of Queen Victoria, and



THE HON. MARGARET DAWNAY,
Whose Marriage to the Rev. Arthur Rowland
Grant takes place to-morrow (Thursday).

Photograph by Rita Martin.

daughter to General the Hon. Charles Grey, who held for long years the important rôle of being the late Prince Consort's most intimate English friend. Thus Miss Dawnay is a niece of Earl Grey and of Lady Minto. More than one Maid-of-Honour has married a clergyman, and Miss Dawnay is entering a very clerical circle, for her future father-in-law is the Rev. Charles Grant, Vicar of St. Benedict, Glastonbury.

A Superstitious Bride?

The old belief that May, if a merry month, is one bringing with it bad luck to brides still lingers, although there are notable instances of the superstition being set at naught—by the Queen of Spain, for example. May's reputed ill-luck fully accounts for the many marriages which take place during the last ten days of April. This year one of the smartest of these after-Easter functions will be celebrated at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on the last day of this month, the bride being Miss Edith Sopper, whose father has a charming place in far Inverness-shire, and the bridegroom being Major Herbert Anderson Cape, of the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers.

A Future Countess.

In these days a belted Earl seldom remains a bachelor till his forty-sixth year. This, however, has been the case with Lord Norbury, whose engagement to Miss Lucy Ellis, one of Lord Howard de Walden's pretty cousins, is just announced. Lord Norbury is still a young-looking man, and he has always been a very keen sportsman. He is popular in Leicestershire, and is fond of travelling. Miss Ellis is the elder daughter of Lord Howard de Walden's uncle and heir-presumptive; both she and her sister, Miss Christabel Ellis, are noted for their beauty and charm of manner.



TO MARRY MAJOR HERBERT ANDERSON
CAPE ON THE 30th: MISS
EDITH SOPPER.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



NEW-PAGE-OF-HONOUR TO THE
KING: MASTER ANTHONY EDWARD
LOWTHER.

Photograph by Lambert Weston and Son.



ENGAGED TO THE EARL OF NORBURY: MISS ELLIS, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF
THE REV. AND HON. WILLIAM ELLIS.

Photograph by La.urette, Bond Street.

Club Badges: "The Sketch's" Special Series.



VI.—THE REFORM CLUB.

Photograph of the Figure by S. Elwin Neame; of the Club by Campbell-Gray.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Wasted Eloquence.

The parishioners who wish to petition their bishop against the length of his sermons have revived a problem which periodically exercises the minds of preachers and congregations. On the one hand you have Spurgeon with his injunction never to preach less than forty minutes; on the other, Hugh Price Hughes, who declares that the preaching of long sermons is a wicked form of self-indulgence, and a moral offence in the same class as the drunkard's. The vicar of a church by the sea is no better able than the Bishop of Norwich to fit the length of his discourse to the patience of his congregation, and his choir actually struck last year against his ungrudging volume.

The Long and Short of It.

One of Scott's characters makes the test of a man's sincerity his ability and willingness to sit six hours on a wet hill-side, listening to a sermon. Some of those men must have lived on into our own day. Dr. Tulloch, in recounting his experiences of Balmoral, told the world how the then Prince of Wales, in congratulating him upon his sermon, remarked that he did not preach at great length. "Not before the Queen," replied the Doctor. "Do you know," said the Prince, "when I first came to this part of the country the ministers used to preach such long sermons that the very collie-dogs walked up the pulpit-stairs and yawned in their faces!" How to be brief is an art not understood of that stamp of men. At the opposite extreme you find the contrast little happier. A Michigan minister asked, on account of the great heat, to be brief, announced his text, which was Luke xvi. 24; and began and ended his sermon in this manner—"Three persons—Abraham, Dives, Lazarus. It was hot where Dives was. He wanted to get out. So do we. Let us pray." And they quickly got.

A Test Indeed.

M. Lemoine seems to have put a great fear in the hearts of those who buy and sell diamonds. The gem-kings of South Africa cannot sell diamonds because prices are too low. Would-be buyers dare not purchase, not only because diamonds are too dear, but because they may not be genuine. "How shall we know that they are real?" their piteous appeal goes to the papers. The present deponent does not pretend to answer the question, but the action of the Prince Consort in a somewhat

similar case may be recalled. A dealer exhibited an opal—a beauty—kidney-shaped and perfect. The price demanded was £500. The Prince knew something about gems, and not a little about business. Yes, he would give the sum demanded, he agreed, but upon one condition: that the opal should stand being placed upon an anvil and struck with a hammer. Strange to say, negotiations were interrupted at that point.

The Case is Altered.

There is something of the cat about men and women; they love their old homes with unabating love, no matter how circumstances alter. The hermit who has been discovered living in a chimney after the rest of the house had fallen was an example of the instinct. So, too, was the wife of a very wealthy baronet of whom Mr. Cecil Raikes used to tell. In days when money was not plentiful, they had a little place in Scotland to which both were vastly attached. When fortune, with lavish hand, heaped riches upon riches before them, the husband pulled down the old home, and in its place erected a gigantic castle. His wife could not bear the new home; all sorts of excuses she invented for not residing in it. The puzzled laird called in an old dependent to ask his opinion of the palace. "Ach, it's gey big!" said the old man. "Ay, so it is; but what do you think her Ladyship says?" quoth his master, adding, "she says it is not big enough." The old servant's natural feelings of respect were for the moment overwhelmed. "The domined hussy!" he ejaculated, and stumped wrathfully away.

Large and Fine.

A new volume on life in India tells us that the natives still choose their brides by weight: that, with characteristic Oriental taste, they measure beauty by bulk. Not all sorts of size appeal to the Oriental imagination. When Sir Henry Layard's Arabs were unearthing Nimrod's sculpture marvels at Nineveh, the mightiest of the specimens did not please them. The human-headed bulls revealed at first only their titanic crowns and bearded chins. Great was the Arab indignation. They reviled them and spat upon them. But when they came to lesser figures, smooth of



A PLANT THAT RESEMBLES A GROUP OF SNAKES.

The likeness the plant bears to a group of snakes is obvious. Flies are caught in the curious hollow leaves, and provide a part of the plant's food.

Photograph by Laurence.

face, they greeted each such figure with extravagant delight, deemed it the likeness of an exceedingly beautiful female, and kissed its cheeks with rapture.



THE VERY LATEST DOG'S-MEAT MAN: A TRAVELLING "COLD BUFFET" FOR DOGS IN BERLIN

Photograph by Haackel Brothers.

STILL HE WENT DOGGEDLY ON!



THE LADY: Help! Help! Stop him! He's running away with my little Fido!

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



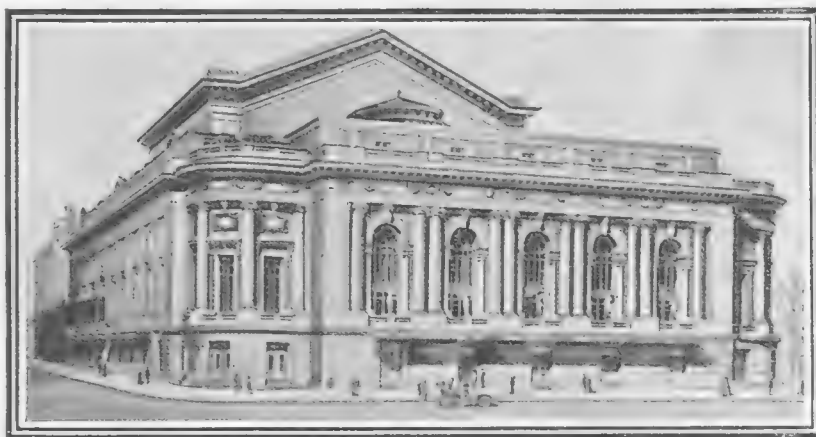
WHEN she is playing Juliet at the Lyceum Miss Nora Kerin must often be reminded of a sleeping scene in a Shakespeare play in which an unrehearsed effect marred the beauty of an act. This was in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which she was playing Titania. In the theatre the battens, or lights along the upper row of the scenery, were of gas instead of being electric lamps, as is now generally the case. Evidently the battens had not been moved for a long time, and the gas had deposited a great quantity of soot on the wire work encircling the burners and so preventing the scenery from coming in contact with the open lights. Just before the curtain rose on Titania asleep in her bower, with Bottom near by, one of the men in the place inadvertently shook the battens rather vigorously. Presently Miss Kerin, whose eyes were shut, felt something descending softly on her arms, her hands, and her face. She concluded that it was the "snow" from some previous production, for the finely cut scraps of white paper used for the purpose have a habit of falling at unexpected times long after the storm is over. When Titania opened her eyes to gaze on the adorable form of Bottom, Miss Kerin beheld a soft layer of soot on her arms and white dress, and Titania was converted for the moment into something that might be described as "blackbutcomely," or "streaked and pied," as Shakespeare himself has it in the play which is running so successfully at His Majesty's.

Most people have heard of the historic case of the person who wrote an advance notice of a performance and sent it to his paper, which published it in the ordinary way, when, as a matter of fact, in consequence of an unforeseen accident, the performance in question did not take place. That historical incident repeated itself in the life of Miss Margaret Fraser, who is now playing in "The Admirable Crichton" at the Duke of York's. It happened during her first visit to America. The company was told that at the conclusion of the tour they would have to wait ten days in New York before the management could secure passages back to England for them. As Miss Fraser had gone to America to make money, not to spend it, as she succinctly puts it, she decided to try and get an engagement for a week in vaudeville—Anglicé, in a music-hall—with another girl. Together they went and interviewed the manager of a roof-garden, who engaged them, Miss Fraser to dance and her comrade to sing. The last week of the tour the company played an engagement in Chicago.

Towards the end of the week the members were notified that instead of leaving for New York on Sunday morning they would not do so until Monday. This, of course, meant that Miss Fraser and her colleague could not fulfil their engagement to appear on Monday evening in New York. If they left on Sunday, it naturally meant that they would have to pay their own fares from Chicago to New York. They accordingly put the case to the manager of the roof-garden, who kindly said they could open on the Tuesday night instead of the Monday.

The surprise and amusement of Miss Fraser and her comrade can be imagined when, while still in the train on Tuesday morning, they got the New York papers and read a glowing account of the enthusiastic reception accorded to them the previous evening on their first appearance in vaudeville.

Grilled mushrooms and neat brandy for breakfast! It sounds a weird combination, but it was a meal actually eaten by Miss Meta Pelham, who was recently playing in "Stingaree" at the Queen's Theatre, while she was on tour in Australia. That remarkable meal was caused by a contretemps. The company of which Miss Pelham was a member were on tour, and when they reached Wagga-Wagga they found that, in consequence of the overflowing of the Goulburn River, the place was flooded, and the theatre about a foot under water. There was nothing to do, therefore, but to go on to the next town. After supper they started in a coach-and-four in which they travelled, for there were no railways in the district, and expecting to reach their destination in the course of three or four hours, they took no provisions of any sort with them. The driver evidently chose a "short cut," and lost himself, for he drove the whole night, and at six o'clock in the morning the company looked out, to find themselves going along the edge of a precipice in so uncertain a way that they were forced to come to the conclusion that the coachman had been taking sips of something stronger than water to keep out the cold during the night. They were very hungry, and presently they saw a place where a large number of mushrooms were growing. The horses were stopped; the actors descended, gathered the mushrooms, and, collecting some sticks, made a fire over which they cooked the mushrooms on skewers made of wood and straightened hairpins. There was no water near, and the only liquid among the party was a bottle of brandy, from which they had sips as they ate. At about ten o'clock, after some thirteen hours' drive, they reached the town and were able to get breakfast and a bed preparatory to playing that night.



THE MUCH-PARAGRAPHED MILLIONAIRE'S THEATRE: THE NEW THEATRE, NEW YORK, AS IT WILL BE WHEN COMPLETED.

The New Theatre, generally called the Millionaires' Theatre, by reason of the many princes of finance who are to be connected with it, has been much written about, both here and in America. It was rumoured, moreover, that Mr. Granville Barker would be manager of it. It is hoped that it will be "the germ of something like an American equivalent of the Theatre Français, or a German Hoftheater." The initial cost of the undertaking will be some three million dollars (\$625,000). The building is to face Central Park. The architects are Messrs. Carrère and Hastings, whose design for the exterior is here reproduced by courtesy of the "Theatre Magazine."

Miss Elsie Williams.

Miss Doris Lind.

Miss Betty Ohls.



Mr. Eric Blore.

Mr. Sam Walsh.

Mr. Jimmy Campbell.

Mr. Gavin Wood.

GUARANTEED NOT TO BELIEVE THEIR NAME: "THE MERRYMAKERS."

"The Merry Makers," who are being "run" by Messrs. G. P. Huntley and Herbert Clayton, have just sailed for Australia, where they are booked for a long tour. Their name is somewhat a daring one, but there is no doubt that they will live up to it: is not Mr. Sam Walsh a host in himself?—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]

ing some sticks, made a fire over which they cooked the mushrooms on skewers made of wood and straightened hairpins. There was no water near, and the only liquid among the party was a bottle of brandy, from which they had sips as they ate. At about ten o'clock, after some thirteen hours' drive, they reached the town and were able to get breakfast and a bed preparatory to playing that night.

Otho the Ornithologist.



V.—OTHO GOES EGGING IN THE WILDS OF PARAGUAY.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

NEWSPAPERS, which do not always keep other people's secrets, are very capable of preserving their own. The names of the new capitalists behind the *Times* go still unannounced; and this, one may add, although they are known to as many women as men. Meanwhile, rumour is busy; and hearing so often that this or that person is behind the *Times* (in a quite forward sense of the phrase), I am reminded of a story told me many years ago by the late Mr. Kegan Paul, the publisher. He was taken aback one day by being told that Baron Grant had bought the *Times*. What a come-down! "And how much did he give for it?" asked the scandalised publisher, marvelling at what must have been the magnitude of the price. "Threepence," was the laconic reply.

One gentleman who, on this occasion, has helped to buy the *Times* for a good deal more than threepence is said, with much seeming certainty, to bear none of the names yet mentioned in this connection, but to be a magnate in the North of England. We shall see whether the coal trade (almost the only one out of which big fortunes are being made to-day) is accorded a specially protective tenderness in Printing House Square.

Mr. John Davidson has been staying at Penzance—a place hitherto hardly at all associated with Pessimism in life or in literature. Many consumptives have congregated there in the past, and consumptives are Stevensonianly sanguine. Not far from Mr. Davidson's recent lodging Keble once wrote his verses of faith and hope; and what could be further removed from, say, "The Ballad of the Nun" than "The Angel in the House"? The heroine of that poem spent her honeymoon face to face with St. Michael's Mount—

But as at dusk we reached
Penzance
A drizzling rain set in

records the happy man, with an almost ungallant regard for the accidents of climate. Tennyson visited Penzance while on a walking tour with two or three friends, some of whom, whether under the influence of "drizzling rain" or not one does not quite gather, nearly became converted into enemies on the road.

All these are borrowed plumes for Penzance. But there is local patriotism, once removed, in such residential names as Branwell and Couch. Charlotte Brontë wrote letters to her aunt in Penzance; and "Q," though himself quartered at Fowey, has still his near relations in this sequestered Cornish town—the westernmost of its size in England. A member of the artist colony in Penzance is Mr. Norman Garstin, who is known also to readers of art magazines as the wielder of a delicate and witty pen.

Books are often read for many reasons besides the obvious one that we find them interesting. Sometimes they are read because other people find, or found, them interesting; and for this same

reason I mean to read "The Heir of Redclyffe" when it appears, as it soon will, in Everyman's Library. Why did Rossetti like it so much, and Burne-Jones and William Morris? That is what one likes to discover in the case of a book which is probably a bore to the young—even to the Charlotte Yonge of the present generation. I hope that the Introduction, by the hand of a discerning lady, will help to solve the accidental mystery hidden in the maze of several hundreds of closely printed pages.

There is some Lamb matter in Mr. Walter Jerrold's "Thomas Hood: His Life and Times," which is good for one, if only because it sends one tumbling back into the inexhaustible pages of Mr. E. V. Lucas's *Life of the Saint Charles* whose second name was not Borromeo. It was for Hood's child that Lamb wrote the lines "On an Infant Dying as Soon as it was Born," which begin—

I saw where in the shroud
did lurk
A curious frame of Nature's
work;
A flow'et crushed in the bud,
A nameless piece of Babyhood.

And, strangely, it was the same Hood who helped to reject a sonnet—or a "fourteener," as Lamb has it—sent to the *Gem* by the same Lamb, on the ground that it would "shock all mothers"; and Lamb writes: "I have lived to grow into an indecent character. When my sonnet was rejected, I exclaimed, 'Damn the age! I will write for antiquity!'"

At other times, too, Hood did the wrong thing by Lamb; but we forgive him, even as Lamb forgave him, and remember only his generosity in recording some patches of Lamb's humour. It was a time when most puns of repute were made by Hook or by Hood, and your established humourist does not often see the fun of other men's jokes. But Hood quotes three of Lamb's, even while he makes it the occasion of establishing a few of his own. His account of Lamb's methods of mileage is amusing: "'Scott,' says Cunningham, 'was a stout

walker.' Lamb was a *porter* one. He calculated distances, not by Long Measure, but by Ale and Beer Measure. 'Now I have walked out and congratulated on his eightieth birthday, can be reassured. Mr. Meredith is himself to honour an eightieth birthday, his name being found amongst those who take an interest in the scheme in regard to the celebration of Tolstoy's in September.

M. E



Q.: WITH WHAT SHOULD A BALL BE TEED?

A.: WITH SILENCE.

—*The Prestwich Caddies' Catechism.*

THE NEW MOVABLE TEE, DESIGNED TO ADD TO THE EXCITEMENT OF GOLF
IN THE HITAWAK ISLANDS.

DRAWN BY F. A. FARRELL.

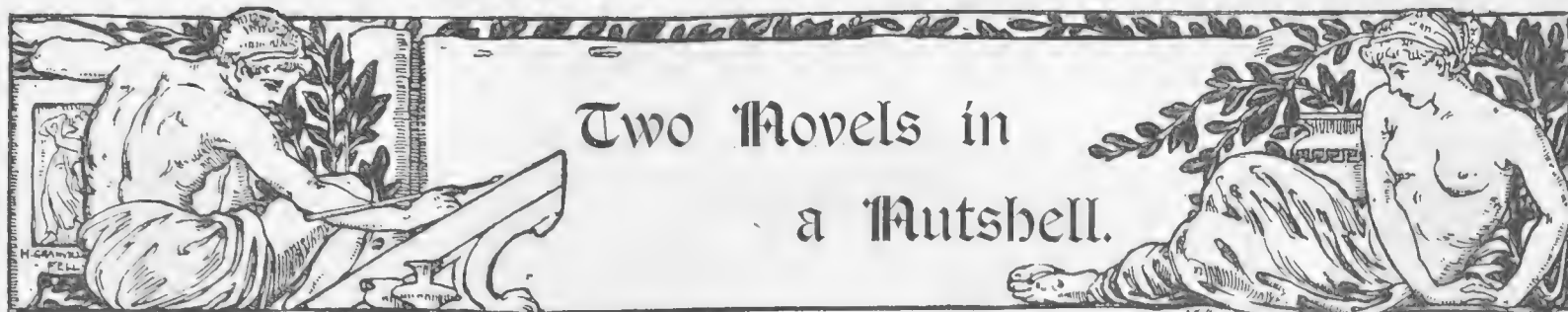
HOW THEY WERE MOVED — TO MOVE ON.



THE PARK ORATOR: Oh, ye flinty-hearted scoffers! Is there nothing that will touch your worldly hearts? What can I do to move you?

THE VOICE FROM THE CROWD: Pass the 'at round, guv'nor.

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.



A DEAL IN "MARVELS." ❖ BY STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

THE manager of the Matabele Marvel Gold-mine sealed up the private mail-bag, tossed it into the corner, then refilled his pipe. "I wonder," he said reflectively, "I wonder that no one ever tries to stick up the mail-coach. It would be so easy and so safe, for the Transvaal border is very near, and there's no extradition. The two thousand ounces of gold we turn out every month are a big temptation, and there are plenty of hard cases knocking about—men who would stop at nothing. That poor wretch of a driver is most horribly nervous. He spoke to me about it only to-day."

The consulting engineer laughed. "It's curious no one suspects the truth, though, for my own sake, I am very glad they don't. And yet, if some of these fellows would try their hands at bushranging, I fancy you and I might make a pretty good thing out of it."

"How?" demanded the manager.

The consulting engineer explained at length. When he had finished—"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked.

The manager made a grimace. "It isn't just what they taught me at the Sunday-school; but it's safe, and it would bring us in a big pile, so I suppose it's all right. . . . Things like that, though, never do come off—that's the luck of this infernal country. Still, if it did happen, I should know what to do. . . . By Jove!" he added in a burst of admiring, though uncomplimentary, frankness, "if you understood as much about engineering as you do about finance, we might make the mine pay genuine dividends even now."

The engineer got up and stretched himself. "Never, my friend, never," he drawled. "We have sunk more gold in it than we shall ever take out, and that's why you and I must look after our own interests first."

The mail coach lumbered along the white, sandy road, jolting, creaking, rattling, leaving behind it a heavy trail of dust hanging motionless in the still air. The bush veldt is always mournful—an endless succession of small trees and twisted shrubs, monotonous in colouring, maddening in its sameness, silent as the grave; but on this particular day the driver found the journey even more wearisome than usual. He had intended to make an early start, for though he had no passengers, he had the Marvel gold; and when he was carrying that he always endeavoured to strike the main road before sundown. But a chance meeting with an old acquaintance had led to the consumption of much bad spirits at the squalid little store beside the first mule-stable, in consequence of which he was very late, and deplorably sleepy as well, and only applied his long whip in a listless, perfunctory sort of way. His companion, the Basuto leader—on a coach the driver is the man with the whip, the leader the man with the reins—seemed infected with the same complaint, for the reins hung loosely in his hands, allowing the ten labouring mules to go much as they pleased.

Two rifle-shots rang out in quick succession, and the front mules rolled over in the dust, one dead, the other paralysed, a bullet through both shoulder-blades. Instantly the well-trained team changed to a kicking, struggling mass of wild beasts. The coach swerved violently as the wheelers fought to avoid the heels of their stable companions, and for a moment a capsize seemed inevitable; then the front axle caught a projecting stump and the vehicle stopped with a jerk.

The driver awoke with unpleasant suddenness and half-rose in his seat; but, seeing three rifles covering him, he changed his mind and sullenly accepted the inevitable.

"Hold up your hands!" commanded the foremost of his captors, in whom, despite their crude masks, he thought he recognised three recently discharged gangers from the "Marvel." "Hold up your hands! . . . Stay like that, and you won't get hurt. . . . Now, you black schelm!"—to the Basuto. "Jump down and loose those devils of mules; then bring the reins here."

The Basuto slipped to the ground and obeyed hurriedly, although it was no easy task to get the frenzied beasts out of the tangle into which they had wound themselves; but at last the uninjured ones were all freed and the wounded one mercifully dispatched by a bullet through its neck; then the driver was ordered to descend, and, a few minutes later, both he and the Basuto were lying under a neighbouring tree, securely bound.

The bushrangers wasted no time. Whilst two of the party searched for the gold the third dived into the bush and returned

with five horses, a couple of which were provided with pack-saddles. The bullion was quickly discovered, but no attempt was made to open the boxes.

"They are small and handy," remarked the chief of the robbers; "they had better go in the packs just as they are. We can pad them with blankets." Then he turned to the driver: "Sorry to treat you like this, old man; but it can't be helped, you know. Business is business. The people from the township will come and look for you by-and-by; but tell them not to worry about trying to catch us, for we've got the police horses here and have cut the telegraph-wires to the frontier station. It's only a matter of fifty miles into the Transvaal, and, as you know, old Kruger won't give us up. So long, Johnny, don't fret—it may spoil your beauty."

And they trotted off down the southern road.

Twelve hours later, three dusty, weary men sat under a sweet-thorn tree on the Transvaal bank of the Crocodile River, and stared blankly at the broken remains of the bullion-boxes, which lay on the ground in front of them. Ordinarily, their language was not remarkable for refinement, but they could find no words adequate for the present situation. They could only stare, and mutter, and suck furiously at their pipes.

At last, one of them jumped to his feet, hastily gathered together the splintered wood, and tossed it on the little fire which had been lighted to boil the kettle; then began to heave the contents of the boxes over the bank into a deep pool. His companions watched him in grim silence.

When he had finished—"Lead!" he growled. "Lead! We've outlawed ourselves for about two thousand ounces of lead! We know now why they didn't worry to guard the coach. But I say, you fellows, we must never breathe a word of it. Besides the risk of being collared, we don't want to be known as the biggest asses in South Africa. Two thousand ounces of lead! . . . I guess we had better saddle up, and see if we can strike a more paying proposition than bushranging. What do you say to going to Barberton?"

A week after the robbery, the consulting engineer strode into the manager's room.

"All right?" he asked curtly.

The other nodded cheerfully. "All right. No suspicions. Everyone believes they got the gold. It's lucky we kept it a secret that you always take it in your private mule-cart, and that the other boxes were only dummies. I have done as you said, have made an excuse for sacking the assayer on the spot, and have given the battery manager six months' holiday. Young Smith takes charge of the battery. He knows enough for that, but he hasn't the slightest idea what gold we are really getting out, and the assistants are just as green."

"That's the way to do it," said the consulting engineer heartily. "Now, this is how we stand—we've got two thousand four hundred ounces of that 'stolen gold,' in hand, haven't we? Well, I've secured a call on ten thousand Marvel shares, at 3, and what I propose to do is this—I am going to let the company have its gold in instalments, instead of in a lump, adding a few hundred ounces on to the real output every month—say three hundred this month, five hundred the next, and so on, increasing each time. I have already cabled to London that we expect to strike the reef very rich shortly; and as soon as they see the output increasing, the public will rush those shares up to 4 or 4½. . . . Dishonest? Don't talk rot, man. You can't draw back now. Beside, we are robbing no one. The company gets its gold the same, doesn't it? It's business, that's all."

"Twenty thousand pounds," said the consulting engineer, six months later, as he stood beside the manager on the rear platform of a railway-coach, watching the tin roofs and swirling dust-clouds of Bulawayo fading away in the distance. "Twenty thousand clear profit between us. Just fancy rushing 'Marvels' up to 5, and now, poor things, they stand at about half-a-crown. Who could have foreseen that the reef would have pinched out completely just after we sold?"

"I wonder who got our shares," remarked the manager.

The consulting engineer shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, some confiding idiots who have learned a useful lesson on the wisdom of keeping out of things they don't understand."

THE END.

DID YOUTH BUT KNOW!



THE AGED ANGLER: Oh, ay; the last fish I caught were a proper big 'un, an' no mistake.
THE INQUIRING ANGLER: Indeed? Why didn't you have it stuffed?
THE AGED ANGLER: Well, you see, I weren't more nor a lad at the time.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

RUSSIA LEATHER.



By J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

MR. JOHN HARROP stood by the door of the first-class waiting-room at Liverpool Street Station, seedy and out at elbows. Life had not treated him very well, upon the whole. It had dealt with him even as it deals with loafers. And yet Mr. Harrop would have denied being a loafer. He would have told you, had you asked him, that he was a believer in the strenuous life, an apostle of the doctrine of work. He preached it in season and out of season; and, in consequence of his teachings, his wife laboured hard at her wash-tub, his eldest daughter slaved at needlework, and his younger children, both girls and boys, sold matches and newspapers upon the streets. Mr. Harrop himself, as the head of so extensive a business, could do little more than supervise. He "speeded up" the various departments under his charge by a continuous flow of abuse and an occasional thrashing. Nevertheless, at times he found it possible to specialise a little; and he was looking for a chance to specialise now.

A shabby little black-bearded man, carrying a small kit-bag, rushed into the waiting-room, deposited the bag upon the seat, and bolted out again in the direction of the ticket-office. The bag was new and expensive-looking, and for a moment Mr. Harrop wondered how it came to be in the possession of so shabby an individual. He did not permit himself to wonder long; for, after all, the seediness of the bearded man was no business of his, but the bag was.

Entering the waiting-room, he satisfied himself that he was alone, gripped the bag and bore it away, endeavouring to assume as innocent and inconsequent an expression as he was master of. Unfortunately he had not gone ten yards when he almost ran into the arms of the bearded man, who, under the influence of a momentary misgiving, was returning to look after his property.

"Hein!" exclaimed the stranger viciously, "that is my bag. You would have stolen it. Thief! Give it up to me at once or you shall repent it."

In his excitement he had raised his voice, and had attracted the attention of a policeman who stood not far off. Mr. Harrop turned cold. Had it not been for the presence of that policeman he might have returned the bag as the easiest way out of the difficulty; but to do so now would involve a confession of guilt; and at the thought of the penalty his soul withered within him like a rotten pear. What, in his absence, would become of his wife and family? It could hardly be expected that the old woman, deprived of the spur of necessity involved in finding the money for his supper beer, would spend as many healthy, happy hours over the wash-tub as she did under his eye. His children, too, would learn habits of idleness of which it was terrible even to think. At all costs, detection must be avoided. Bluff seemed the only chance; and raising his voice in his turn, Mr. Harrop challenged his interlocutor boldly.

"Your bag!" he exclaimed. "Garn! it ain't no bag of yours. Your bag is in that room there. I saw you put it down only a minute ago. This 'ere bag was give me by a toff to take to 'is address. Just you leave a poor chap alone wot's trying hard to get a job."

"I tell you it is mine," cried the bearded man excitedly. "You are a thief, I say. There is my name upon the bag."

Mr. Harrop looked down at his capture. Sure enough, there was a line of black characters upon the brown-leather surface, but they represented no alphabet with which he was acquainted. This was no fault of his, but rather of the School Board; for neither at the time when Mr. Harrop studied nor even at the present day is Russian included in the curriculum.

"Give it me," shrieked the little man, "or I shall call the policeman."

But that functionary's attention had already been attracted. He strolled majestically towards them.

"Here, here!" he said. "What's all this?"

"My bag!" screamed the little man. "He has stolen my bag."

Mr. Harrop bluffed desperately.

"It ain't 'is bag," he said. "Does 'e look like a man wot would own a bag like this? It were give me by a toff to carry to 'is address—Temple, it were. And this chap's trying to sneak it. Look 'ere!" he exclaimed, carried by excitement from the paths of prudence. "You ask 'im wot's in it. I'll lay 'e can't tell you—not exactly, I mean," he added, hedging hastily.

He regretted his rashness directly the words were uttered. But to his amazement he appeared in some mysterious way to have hit the mark. The little man's face assumed a ghastly pallor; he shook his fists frantically and rushed off, leaving the astonished policeman and the no less astonished Mr. Harrop together.

"There!" said Mr. Harrop triumphantly, "wot did I tell yer?"

The officer, who had been regarding him suspiciously, scratched his head and became more friendly.

"Well," he said, "that was a rum go. Tried hard for it, he did. I'll have to keep my eye open for that customer. There are no end of these thieves about."

Mr. Harrop agreed, with a melancholy shake of his head, and

made off, bearing his prize, much puzzled as to the manner in which he had obtained it. A moment's reflection did wonders to enlighten him, and he slapped his thigh.

"Same game!" he said ecstatically. "'E were on the same game as me. 'E sneaked the bag 'isself, and that's why 'e didn't know wot was in it. Well, I'm blessed! This is a bit of luck!"

Anxious to avoid observation, he kept to the by-streets; and, once certain that he was unobserved, he lifted the bag and examined it closely. It was too small for shirts, and his mind began to run upon jewellery. Then he became conscious of something that ticked steadily inside it; and he smiled, well pleased.

"Blowed if there ain't a clock!" he said. "One of them travellin'-clocks, in a Russia-leather case. I'll put it up the spout at Levi's."

He would dearly have liked to open the bag, but there were too many people about, and he continued his journey. But it was evident that he was shadowed, for not long afterwards, pausing in an unfrequented square, he heard footsteps behind him, and, turning, beheld the bearded man in a frenzy of anxiety and rage.

Mr. Harrop was justly incensed. In the sweat of his brow he had "earned" that bag. He had earned it by his moments of anxiety in the presence of the policeman; by his fine mendacity and the front of brass he had presented; and by his brilliant if lucky ruse in challenging the other's knowledge of its contents. Those who deal in mere gold and silver can have little idea of the value the bag had assumed in his eyes. He would defend it against the world.

"Now, look 'ere," he said, turning at bay, "you be off, d'ye 'ear? I've 'ad enough of your nonsense. You stole this bag, and if I 'ave any more of your impudence, I shall call a copper and give you in charge. So be off if you don't want to be juggled."

"Give me my bag," cried the little man, his face black with passion, his fingers twitching with excitement. "It belongs to me. It is valuable. You don't know how valuable it is."

"I bet I do now you've told me, cocky," said Mr. Harrop, with a grin. "Be off. You won't get no good messing round 'ere."

"I will give you a sovereign for the bag," cried the little man eagerly.

"No use," said Mr. Harrop after a pause, in which he weighed the advantages of a sovereign honestly earned and certain in value against those of a problematical and felonious bag. "No use, cocky. Make it a fiver, and I'll talk to yer."

"I have not got five pounds in the whole world!" cried the bearded man desperately.

"Then that settles it. You don't get no bag," replied Mr. Harrop.

The stranger pulled out all the money in his pocket. It amounted to two pounds and a few odd shillings.

"Take it," he cried, "but give me my bag."

"Not on yer life," said Mr. Harrop, much impressed with the value his companion seemed to set upon the article. "Five pounds or nothing, cocky."

The man put the money back in his pocket. His mouth suddenly widened in a savage grin, his teeth gleamed, and danger lurked in his eyes. Instinctively, Mr. Harrop clenched his right fist. So in the momentary silence the two men looked at each other threateningly. Each was ready to return a blow, neither wished to give the first one.

Into the silence the sound of a neighbouring chime striking the midday hour sent its first clear note. The effect upon the stranger was alarming. He whipped out his watch and looked at the dial with widely opened eyes.

"Yoti! Yoti!" he cried; and upon the word fled up the street as though pursued by the furies.

Mr. Harrop gazed after him amazedly. Astonishment at the events of the morning almost deprived him of speech.

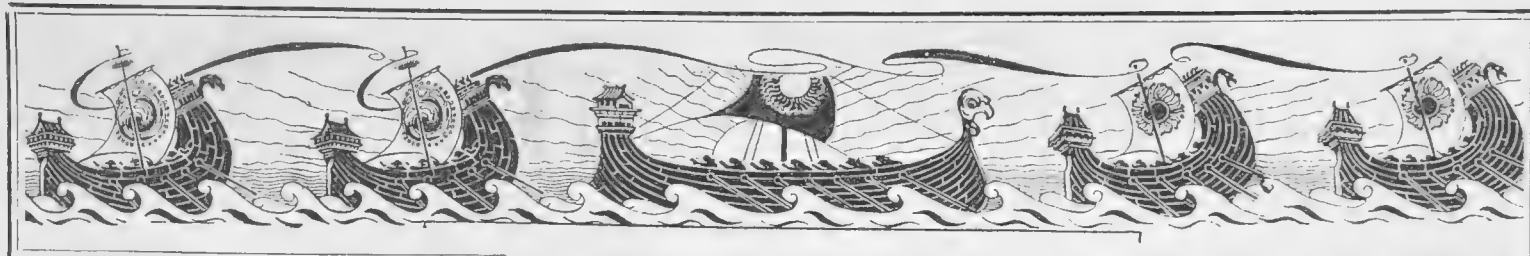
"Balmy!" he said, "clean balmy!" He stood still, counting the strokes.

"Two, three, four!" he counted. "They shouldn't let a chap like that loose on the street. Five, six—wonder where 'e got away from? Seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven—all the better for—" Bang!

A rending explosion took Mr. Harrop by the throat, shook the breath from his body, and scattered his worthless carcass in fragments about the Square. Windows were shattered, passers-by rushed wildly away, and then stopped to look back, fearing they knew not what, and staring with pale faces and bitten lips. All these things mattered nothing to Mr. Harrop. He had gone into the everlasting silence. In his home, his wife would slave no more over her dolly-tub; his children, freed from the necessity of earning the nightly beer, would be set to schooling; his eldest daughter would suffer no more from headaches brought on by too close application to her needlework. Nevertheless, it is but just to Mr. Harrop to say that his last thought before the infernal machine hurled him into unconsciousness ran as follows—

"The poor old Dutch and the kids! What will become of them?"

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

If all desires were known, it would probably be found that the majority of European royalties are favourable to some such principle as that embodied in the Daylight Bill. Nearly all of them are of the early-rising school. The German Emperor anticipates the dawn for military manœuvres and hunting expeditions, to say nothing of visits to sleeping Ambassadors. But the most practical of all the early risers is Duke Carl Theodore of Bavaria. So precious to him is the daylight that he is on duty in his ophthalmic hospital at 6.30 sharp, and at that hour the first patient is brought before him. It is neither hobby nor crank with him. As the great royal oculist, Kaiser Francis Joseph's brother-in-law, runs his three eye-hospitals, he cannot get through his labour of love unless he begins work while sluggards sleep. He does get through, and marvellous are the cures he has wrought. It is in the two hours before breakfast that his chief triumphs have been gained.

The Kaiser's Cards.

Taking advantage of the vogue created by the visit of the German Emperor, certain speculative gentlemen of Corfu propose to establish a casino in that island which will, they hope, rival that at Monte Carlo. Should they succeed they ought, bearing in mind the creator of their new prosperity, to employ cards such as those which Kaiser William himself designed. *The Sketch* showed the other week what is possible with the court cards, but the German Emperor had anticipated us. His pack, fashioned some years ago, abolishes the old code of kings and queens. It substitutes the Pope for the king of spades, King Humbert as king of clubs, Leopold of Belgium as king of diamonds, and—oh, modest Kaiser!—himself as king of hearts. Gladstone, Bismarck, Crispien and M. Waldeck-Rousseau are the four knaves. Queen Victoria (hearts), Queen Margherita (diamonds), the Empress of Austria (clubs), and the Tsaritsa (spades) represent the queens, but the aces have the faces of four actresses foremost in Europe on the day when the cards were designed.

The All Red Route.

Although we hear little about him just now in England, there is no man watching with keener interest the discussion of the All Red route than Sir Sandford Fleming, of Ottawa. To him we owe the completion of one of the most important links in the red line. He is the father of the Pacific



DUCHESS AND HOTEL-PROPRIETOR, DUCHESS CARL THEODORE OF BAVARIA.

The Duchess was the Infanta Marie Josepha of Portugal, and her wedding to the Duke took place at Klein Henbach in 1874.



Photograph by the Tophal Press.

THE FUTURE DUCHESS OF THE ABRUZZI AS HORSEWOMAN; MISS KATHERINE ELKINS TAKING A FENCE.



DUKE AND HOTEL-PROPRIETOR, DUKE CARL THEODORE OF BAVARIA.

The Duke and his wife are reported to have purchased the Hotel Guggenot at Tegernsee, twenty-seven miles south of Munich.

cable. A Scotsman, with all the dogged courage characteristic of his race, he kept at the project through good report and ill, and saw the fruit of his labours crowned when most men would have abandoned hope of success. A tragic coincidence attended his association with the cable, which has never been noticed. The first message to flash over the cable was one from Richard Seddon, the great New Zealander, congratulating Sir Sandford on seeing the reward of his interest and labour by the forging of another link in the bonds of Empire. That cable brought the two men together in more ways than one, and it was to the beautiful Canadian home of this kindred spirit of Empire that Seddon went, when the lights were fading—to die.

A Rival to Mr. Plowden.

Mr. Arthur Gill, the new London Magistrate, may easily prove a serious rival to Mr. Plowden, whose humorous sallies from the Bench have become such an institution. At any rate, in private conversation the new "beak" is extremely witty and amusing,

and it is to be hoped that he will not be made too solemn by the responsibilities of office. It is an admirable appointment. Though he is only forty-four, Mr. Gill is, like his brother, Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., one of the most experienced criminal lawyers of the day, and he has been in all the big Treasury and Post Office prosecutions for some years past. He is a very neat, well-dressed man; he is the son-in-law of Mr. Arthur Walter, of the *Times*, and is the happy father of three little boys and a girl, all under ten.

Robes for "Beaks."

Mention of Mr. Plowden reminds us that nothing has been done to carry out his strong idea that stipendiary magistrates should have proper robes to wear in court. As it is, they do not even wear the ordinary wig and gown, but Mr. Plowden thinks they would be much more impressive and a greater terror to evil-doers if they were clad in some official costume. He is no doubt right. Members of Parliament will tell you that Mr. Speaker would not be as well able to control his sometimes unruly flock if it were not for his awe-inspiring wig and his beautiful robes. As for the case of Judges of Assize, few prisoners show such ill-timed levity as the murderer who observed, on being arraigned, "Constable, arrest that man in the red robes; for I go in fear of my life because of him!"

KEY-NOTES

MISS JULIA CULP, the Dutch contralto, who made such a successful appearance in this country last year, returned in the week before Easter to gather fresh laurels in London. Although the date of her first appearance was rather unhappily chosen, in so far as it clashed with a very interesting concert given by the Philharmonic Society at Queen's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Henry Wood, a large company gathered at the Bechstein Hall to hear Miss Culp, and it is safe to say that nobody went away dissatisfied. It is only on the rare occasions when one has the good fortune to hear an artist of Miss Culp's calibre that one can realise to the fullest extent the significance of the songs some of our great composers have written. Doubtless, many of the audience were hampered in their appreciation by the fact that Miss Culp sang entirely in German, and they were forced to depend upon translations from the programme—translations remarkable only for their good intentions. But it is not necessary to understand German in order to appreciate many of Miss Culp's fine qualities. Her voice is beautiful, but it has been well said that it is not by any means the greatest part of her equipment. She is a really gifted artist—one of the very few who can express the sentiment of a song without sentimentality, who can be dramatic without tearing a passion to tatters, who, in some wonderful way hard to define but not difficult to recognise, can subordinate her personality until she is first and foremost the interpreter of the message that musician and poet have chosen to deliver.

It would seem that no source of artistic emotion has been overlooked by the Dutch singer. Her range is extraordinary; she gives an impression with every song that its special style has been the object of her special study, and although this study is apparent, it is never too much in evidence, and she leaves her audience convinced that the last fine shade of meaning has been understood and expressed. Miss Culp is one of the few artists whom all singers might study with safety and advantage. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to name her equal in point of complete equipment, and nobody would attempt the impossible task of seeking for the singer whose gifts excel hers.

The appearance of the Sheffield Choir at the Queen's Hall on the Saturday afternoon before Easter was entirely successful, although the difficulties associated with bringing more than two hundred singers from the North on the Saturday morning might well have resulted in a certain measure of confusion, and did, in fact, avail to delay proceedings for nearly half-an-hour.

Dr. Henry Coward conducted Bach's Motet, "Praise the Lord all ye heathen," a work given for the first time in this country; and then Mr. Henry Wood assumed the bâton to direct a remarkable performance of "The Dream of Gerontius," a work that many regard as Sir Edward Elgar's masterpiece. Miss Culp, Herr Felix Senius, and Mr. Herbert Brown were the soloists, and once again Miss Culp showed that she stands alone upon the concert platform. We believe this was her first appearance in oratorio; certainly she has never sung in this country in oratorio before, and once again she created the impression of a complete mastery over her

work that would have justified people in believing that oratorio has always been her forte, and that she had sung the part of the Angel many times before. We think that the music has never been more finely interpreted; certainly, as far as she was concerned, the ultimate depths of Elgar's work were plumbed; but, whether by comparison with such a gifted artist, or because of a very small acquaintance with the English language, it must be admitted that Herr Senius, the tenor, was not a success. His voice seemed to have a hard and aggressive tone, which contrasted most unfavourably with that of Miss Culp and of the

baritone, Mr. Herbert Brown. It is needless, perhaps, to say that the Sheffield Choir distinguished itself, because it never fails to do so.

The practice of bringing great provincial choirs to London is a popular one, and is likely to be developed in the future, for the directors of the Queen's Hall Orchestra are bringing the Leeds Choral Union for a Bach programme and Beethoven's Choral Symphony. The Sheffield Choir will return to London to be heard in Bach's "Passion According to St. Matthew," and the Hanley Glee and Madrigal Society are coming to London to sing when the "Faust" of Berlioz is given at the Queen's Hall. It is a thousand pities that we do not hear more of Berlioz in London. We cannot hope to hear such interpretations as

M. Colonne gives us, but those that London can provide with the help of the great orchestras are quite good enough when there is nothing better to be heard.

Those who have been present on the rare occasions when M. René Ortmans has conducted concerts in London will not be surprised to hear that this gifted musician has met with a

great success in Brussels, where he conducted the famous Ysaÿe Orchestra at a concert given by Professor Kruse. M. Ortmans has the conductor's temperament, a fine ear, a complete mastery of the technique of the modern orchestra, and, a violinist himself, he can obtain the most delicate effects from his strings.—COMMON CHORD.



A BAND THAT AMUSES LUNATICS (AND, OF COURSE, OTHERS); AN ORCHESTRA GIVING A CONCERT AT BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, WHERE NEW YORK'S INSANE ARE CONFINED.



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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 27.

THE TWO HOUSES.

STOCK EXCHANGE members view with tolerable good-humour the constitution of the new Cabinet. Apart from Mr. Winston Churchill, and possibly Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the members of the present Government are generally respected as men who know what they want, and set about getting it in a business-like way. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Administration did a good deal to upset men and matters by the feverish haste with which it launched one large measure after another, until the very politicians and political writers gasped for breath, and the Man in the Street became bewildered to the verge of downright irritation. Mr. Asquith is not likely to rush things along at a furious pace, and the House in the City looks with some confidence for peacefuller days from the House at Westminster.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

What the Stock Exchange wants now more than anything else is fine weather and cheap money. The cutting unkindness of our alleged spring acted detrimentally in the Home Railway market from the beginning of the week preceding the holidays; while Consols slid away on the fear that the Boston (Mass.) fire would cause sales of gilt-edged securities by Insurance Companies. Against such influences only public buying could render effective resistance, and public support is not at all likely to be forthcoming except there be something to attract it. A dealer in the Consol market impatiently cried that the Bank of England ought to put down the rate to 1 per cent., if but for a single week, in order to encourage Stock Exchange business. There is some hope of the minimum dropping to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. after the holidays, and if it be fulfilled, there will probably be another little spurt in prices.

HOME RAILWAY MATTERS.

Those who said that the threatened general strike of railway-men in the winter had better be ended by a short, sharp struggle point to the present strained situation on the North-East Coast as proof of their contention that discontent remained active, if temporarily smothered, after the conference between Mr. Lloyd-George and the two parties to the railway dispute. At the moment of writing, the outlook is less gloomy than it was, but the elements of trouble remain boisterous. A general strike on the North Eastern Railway would have calamitous effects so far-reaching that we cannot believe either side would bring matters to an actual suspension of work. Therefore it seems to us wrong to sell railway stock at the present juncture.

THREE CATERING COMPANIES.

Liptons' and Lyons' shares have again advanced into prominence in the Miscellaneous Market of the Stock Exchange, and the rises in each case are due to hopes of increased dividends being declared within a few weeks. The remarkable advertising campaign undertaken by Liptons is said to have resulted in an enormous addition to the Company's turnover, and the coming report is awaited with much eagerness to see what the actual figures are going to show. In the case of Lyons, our contention that the shares were cheap when at $5\frac{1}{2}$ has been abundantly justified by the rise that has taken the price to $6\frac{1}{2}$, and, beyond the imminent dividend announcement, the optimist looks for the concern to enjoy a splendid season at the Franco-British Exhibition. Aerated Breads are now on practically the same plane as Lyons. The Company goes ahead rather more quietly than its enterprising rival, but we believe it to be the case that the A.B.C. shops stand in the books at values considerably below their actual market worth.

BREWERY SECURITIES.

With the Brewery department on the Stock Exchange showing some indication of "thaw," after its numbness brought on by the Licensing Bill, investors are beginning to ask which, if any, of the Brewery stocks are worth attention. Our opinion is that if an investor confines himself strictly to the best securities, he can find good and cheap issues that will pay him well to buy, both from the point of view of reasonable return on the money, and also from that of probable rise in capital value. Truman-Hanbury 4 per cent. Debenture stock at 82 yields all but 5 per cent. on the money. Whitbread 4 per cent. Debenture at 90 pays $4\frac{3}{8}$ per cent.; Mann-Crossman 4 per cent. Debenture about the same. Into other stocks of more speculative character we should advise only speculators to go. The risks of profit, and of loss, are certainly considerable, and if one wishes to realise the first, he must be prepared to undergo the second. In whatever way the Licensing Bill be amended, short of a forty years' time-limit, the unknown quantities will remain great; but, on the other hand, it is at least possible that the House of Lords may decline to pass the Bill in any state.

BROKEN HILL.

To show what a difference has been made to the profits in Broken Hill Companies by the fall in the prices of metals, it is only necessary to quote the report of the Proprietary Company, which sets out the profits of the last completed half-year as £137,642, against £308,238 for the previous six months. This is a drop of no less than

£170,596, equal to nearly half the entire capital of the Company. Thanks to the accumulation of reserves, the Broken Hill Proprietary was able to meet current expenditure and development work, and to pay dividends, but the unfortunate part of the business is that metals have fallen still further since the last report was made up. Therefore the proprietors could hardly feel astonished if the Directors decided to postpone payment of dividends for a while, until the metal markets became more favourable. Since the Broken Hill Proprietary was issued in 1885, dividends and bonuses amounting to over nine-and-a-half millions pounds sterling have been distributed—a truly remarkable achievement for a Company the capital of which is even now only £384,000 in shares of 8s. each, fully paid.

The report of the *Rio Claro Sao Paulo* Railway Company, which is to be submitted to the shareholders at the meeting on the 23rd inst., is an interesting illustration of the change of opinion which has taken place in recent years regarding the science of investment. This Company's property, as most of your readers will be aware, was sold in 1892 to the Paulista Railway Company, for £2,750,000 in 5 per cent. Bonds, secured by a first charge on the properties of both Companies, which Bonds are repayable by annual drawings at par over a period of thirty-six years, commencing in 1897. These bonds, it may be mentioned in passing, are a splendid security, the net receipts of the Paulista Company in 1907—by no means a good year—having been £923,000, whereas only £164,970 is required to provide for the interest and redemption of the bonds held by the Rio Claro Company. The railway having been sold to the Paulista Company, all that the Directors now have to do is to invest every year the proceeds of the Bonds redeemed—a task which seems very adequately remunerated by the sum of £2513, which appears under the head of Directors' Fees, Salaries, and Office Expenses. The point, however, to which I wish to direct attention is that whereas ten years ago the Directors were content to invest the proceeds of the Bonds redeemed in stocks which returned from $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to 4 per cent., they are now aiming at getting 5 per cent. from their investments. If they can do this it will follow that there will be no further falling off in the income of the Company, 5 per cent. being the rate paid by the unredeemed Bonds. They have not quite succeeded yet in paying the $13\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. dividend out of the year's revenue, as £585 18s. 3d. was transferred from the Reserve Fund available for the equalisation of dividends. But they are getting nearer this point, as last year £965 1s. 2d. was required to make up the same dividend. It seems quite probable, therefore, that it will be possible to maintain the present rate of dividend, or something very near the present rate, indefinitely, and this prospect should be much more pleasing than the gradual diminution of their dividend which shareholders had been led to expect. The fact is that the Directors have learned the lesson which, in a humble way, I have endeavoured to teach in your pages—namely, that an investment is not necessarily a good investment at all because it is called gilt-edged and returns a low rate of interest. For instance, among the earliest investments made by the directors of this Company I notice £6500 Buenos Ayres Great Southern 4 per cent. Debenture stock at 116, £3000 Charrington and Co. $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Debenture stock at 103, £5200 Cape of Good Hope 3 per cent. Consolidated Inscribed stock, 1933, at 97, and so on. The respective prices of these three stocks to-day are 104, 78, and 84, and yet all three would certainly have been described as investments of the highest class at the time they were bought. Last year's investments comprise such stocks as £5000 Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock at 104, 1000 Buenos Ayres Great Southern 4 per cent. Extension shares at 10, £2000 City of Tokio 5 per cent. bonds at 99, 400 6 per cent. Preference shares of the Assam Railways and Trading Company at 12, and so on—securities which are likely to prove much more satisfactory investments to the shareholders, both from the point of view of capital and income. The Directors deserve the thanks of the shareholders for their change of attitude, and, seeing that the greater part of the income of the Company for many years to come is so well secured, the shares may be recommended as among the soundest of investments.

Thursday, April 16, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

K. H. J.—Thank you for your letter. We also hear good accounts of the Company's progress, and hope they are true.

PHENIX.—(1) We do not suggest that the people you name would swindle you, but we doubt if their advice is altogether disinterested. (2) Greek Funding, it is hoped, will increase its yield as the finances of the country improve. At present prices we prefer the Greek to the Russian security. (3) Whenever you can get par, realise Chartered. (4) The Investment Company depends on the course of Transvaal affairs in the next year or two. We are not hopeful.

ALTER.—The Oil and Cake shares are a very speculative security, as you will see if you look at past results. The Company is not supposed to be doing well. We are not in favour of purchasing either of the other concerns you name.

DULHURST.—We would not deal with any one of the firms you name, but the first is by far the best if you must do your business through one of them.

F. H.—We suggest (1) Cuban Gold Bonds; (2) River Plate Gas shares; (3) Mexican Central Securities Company A stock. If you put £500 in each you will be reasonably safe, and get a good return.

W. H. E.—Any member of the Stock Exchange will buy the Premium Bonds for you at the proper market prices. The drawings are advertised in several Continental newspapers. Have nothing to do with the people you mention.

A REGULAR READER.—(1) If your bond has not been redeemed by 1917 you will be supplied with a fresh sheet of coupons. (2) A hardwood business; we should not touch the shares.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Easter Holidays, we have to go to press earlier than usual, and must beg the indulgence of correspondents who find their letters unanswered in this issue.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newmarket, some of the following may go close: Visitors' Plate, Lucian; Crawford Plate, The Rialto; Long Course Plate, Laveuse; Forty-Ninth Biennial, Olympus; Fitzwilliam Stakes, Gruffanuff; Babraham Plate, Yellow Peril; Apprentices' Handicap, Vada; Granby Plate, Sandbath; Flying Handicap, Deal. At Alexandra Park these should go close: Middlesex Plate, Dafila; Two-Year-Old Plate, Lisa; April Auction Stakes, Highland Maid. At Epsom on Tuesday these may run well: Tattenham Plate, Pendant; Prince of Wales's Stakes, Snatch; Westminster Plate, Flowerdale; Great Surrey Handicap, Snowflight.

THE MAN ON THE CAR *(continued).*

MR. CHARLES JARROTT'S rapid passage through the French Customs, the Open Sesame to which had been pronounced by the Automobile Association, was followed, as I think I suggested when referring to the matter, by a fast run-through to Monte Carlo on a 40-h.p. Crossley. Now, the road from Boulogne, skirting Paris, later following the Valley of the Rhone, and then turning over the Esterelles to Nice and Monte, is well known to me as one of the most tyre-trying routes in the whole length and breadth of France. This is particularly the case with regard to the section south of the Burgundy country and getting on through Montélimar and Valence, so that too much value cannot be ascribed to the spontaneous testimonial wired by Jarrott to the Continental Tyre Company upon the completion of the run: "Arrived here all right. Excellent run. My Continentals behaved splendidly, and are in perfect condition."

Upon more than one occasion I have been asked whether grease or oil is better for gear-box or differential gear-case in a live-axle car, and I have always pronounced in favour of a good thick gear-oil, such as is supplied in two or three densities by Price's Candle Company, and produced under the watchful eye of that accepted oil expert, Mr. Veitch Wilson. But a gear-box oil has just been put upon the market which, while fluid enough to offer no resistance to the moving parts, is nevertheless endowed with a certain viscousness which causes it to adhere to the flanks of the teeth, despite the centrifugal force which generally denudes these parts of lubricant so soon as they leave the bath. A friend of mine has a

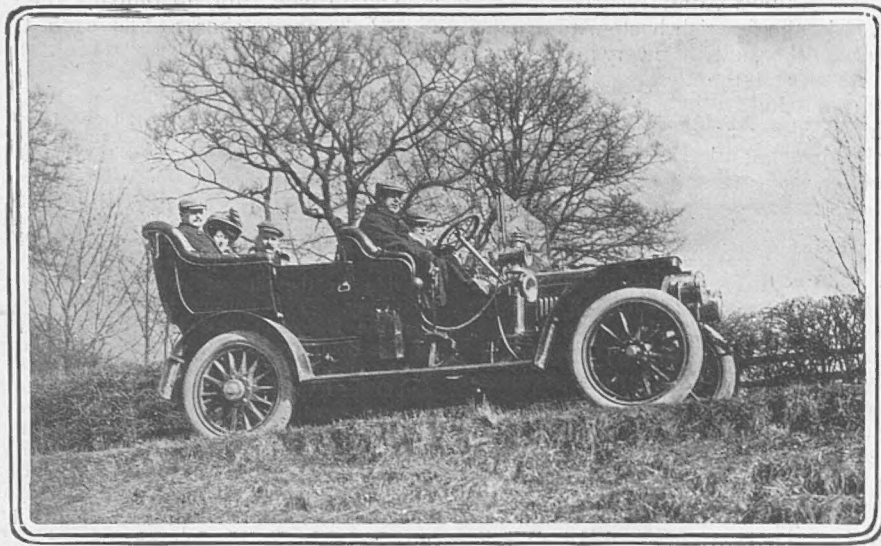
sample of this particularly clinging lubricant under test, and I hope to profit by his experience at a later date. My objections to thick grease are two-fold. First, the wheels cut the grease away until it stands quite clear of them, and secondly, if the gear runs hot enough to melt the stuff down, then there is something direfully wrong with the gears or the bearings.

The Irish Automobile Club's Reliability Trial, which begins at Dublin on May 22, has secured a wonderfully popular entry.

No fewer than fifty-three cars are entered in the eight lettered classes, while fifteen are down for Section II., six classes, limited to members of the Irish Automobile Club. The entries for the open portion of the trial exceed the total entry for the R.A.C.'s International Trial. Eighteen of the fifty-three are foreign-built vehicles, among them being one of the smart, remarkably low-priced Ford cars, and one Adler, the car controlled by Messrs. Morgan and Co., of 117-119, Long Acre, W.

Man is a gregarious animal, with a particularly well-developed penchant for banding himself into clubs upon the slightest

provocation, and particularly when a section of him is in any way persecuted, as are motorists to-day. But the clubbable automobilist should occasionally remind himself that, whatever the practice of kindred associations, it is not for his benefit or that of the pastime he delights in that he should in any wise flock. Therefore club runs, once so great a feature of a cycle club's summer programme, are not for the motorist, who must be content to gather at points by devious routes. A special appeal against massed club runs, and particularly paper-chases on motor-cars, has been issued by the R.A.C. to all their affiliated or associated clubs.



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